APRIL
1972
60¢
55765-3

TALES OF VOODOO

pdc

PARALYZING HORROR WITH SCARY BEASTS, • VAMPIRES AN' THE UNKNOWN

REWARD $11,750.00 FOR THIS COIN!

ILLUSTRATED: 1804 Silver Dollar. 19,000 Minted, only 12 accounted for—where are the rest?

Stop spending valuable coins worth hundreds of dollars. New 1971 catalogue lists hundreds of coins we want to buy and gives the price range we will pay for these United States Coins. Certain half cent coins are worth up to $3,500.00 for Canadian Coins. Our valuable Coin Book may reward you many thousands of dollars. Coins do not have to be old to be valuable. Thousands of dollars have been paid for coins dated as recently as 1940 to 1956. Now you too can learn the rare dates and how to identify rare coins in your possession with our new 1971 catalogue. A fortune may be waiting for you. Millions of Dollars have been paid for rare coins. Send your order for this valuable coin catalogue now. Hold on to your coins until you obtain our catalogue. Send $1.00 plus 25c for postage and handling for 1971 Coin Catalogue Book to

Best Values Co., Dept. CWH-3 160 Amherst St., E. Orange, N.J. 07019

FOR CERTAIN COINS WE PAY UP TO: CERTAIN

Gold Coins Before 1929	$35,000.00
Nickels Before 1945	$16,000.00
Silver Dollars Before 1936	$11,750.00
Half Dollars Before 1947	$5,500.00
Pennies Before 1919	$4,800.00
Dimes Before 1946	$4,750.00
Quarters Before 1941	$4,500.00
Half Cents Before 1910	$3,500.00
Lincoln Pennies Before 1940	$250.00

Best Values Co., Dept. CWH 3
222 Park Ave. South, New York, N.Y. 10003 10th Fl.

Rush your latest 1971 catalogue listing the actual price range you will pay for United States Coins listed in the catalogue. I enclose $1. plus 25c for postage and handling.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

Your Money Will Be Refunded In Full If You Are Not Satisfied With This Catalog

ENJOY AN EXCITING, ROMANTIC IMPRESSIVE *LOOK* ANYTIME!

QUICK-CHANGE to suit your mood time: ALL THREE $6. MODOCRYLIC

Send for your Mustache, Sideburns and Van Dyke at once! Simply check the color you want or send a sample of your hair and leave the matching to our expert. MAIL COUPON NOW!

Adheres securely . . . off and on in seconds . . . can be worn as is or trimmed to just the style you want

To Order give hair color ☐ Blonde; ☐ Black; ☐ Light Brown; ☐ Medium Brown; ☐ Dark Brown; ☐ Grey; ☐ Silver; ☐ Auburn or send hair sample. ☐ Mustache $2; ☐ Deluxe Mustache $5; ☐ Sideburns $3; ☐ Deluxe Sideburns $5; ☐ Van Dyke $3; ☐ Deluxe Van Dyke $5; ☐ All Three $6; ☐ All Three Deluxe $10 (I save $5)

Masculiner Co., Dept. CWH 3
222 Park Ave. South, New York, N.Y. 10003 10th Fl.

SOLD ON MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

HEEL SAV'R TAPS SAVE MONEY & HEELS LAST LONGER — No Noise!

QUIET! Give satisfactory wear for one year. Only you will know you are wearing them. Outwears metal or plastic taps. No scuff, non-skid, will not slip or scratch. 3 pairs only $1.00 applied in seconds. Of tough plastic resilient rubber. Save up to $4 per year. For men, women & children. Put an end to worn down shabby heels.

Typical worn heel after 13 weeks.

Almost like new after 12 weeks.

3 Pair Only $1.00 plus 25c pstg. and hndlg.

SATSFY CO., Dept. CWH 3
222 Park Ave. South, New York, N.Y. 10003 10th Fl.

Send $1.00 plus 25c postage and handling for 3 pair.
Enclosed find $_____ send_____ men's pairs, _____ women's pairs, _____ children's pairs.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____State_____Zip_____

ONLY $1.00

Enter the WONDERFUL WORLD Of *AMAZING* LIVE

SEA-MONKEYS®

Own a BOWLFULL OF HAPPINESS — *Instant* PETS!

Just ADD WATER—that's ALL! In ONE SECOND your AMAZING Sea-Monkeys **actually** COME TO LIFE! Now, simply grow and enjoy the most adorable pets ever to bring smiles, laughter and fun into your home.

SO EAGER, TO PLEASE, THEY CAN EVEN BE TRAINED TO PERFORM TRICKS!

Always clowning around, these frolicsome pets swim, stunt and play games with each other. Because they are so full of tricks, you'll never tire of watching them. And raising Sea-Monkeys is so **easy** even a six-year old can do so without help.

Sea-Monkeys eat very little, and they keep their water so clean, they require only a minimum of care although they LOVE attention. Anyone who enjoys the company of pets will ADORE Sea-Monkeys. Best of all, we even show you how to teach them to obey your commands and do tricks like a pack of friendly trained seals. What a way to surprise all your friends.

FREE:

ONE-YEAR SUPPLY of Sea-Monkey GROWTH FOOD; A supply of LIVING PLASMA and a supply of WATER PURIFIER Formula. A magnificent fully-illustrated manual of Sea-Monkey Care, Raising, Training and Breeding; PLUS our Famous GROWTH GUARANTEE IN WRITING!

UNICORN HOUSE DEPT CWC-3
200 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK, 10010

IT SOUNDS GREAT! Please send my Sea-Monkey kit(s) and my FREE supplies and guarantee. I must be 100% satisfied or you will refund my money. I enclose $1.00 plus 30¢ shipping charges for each kit.

Send _____ kit(s) ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order
(No C.O.D.'s Please) Total amount enclosed $_____

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip .....

☐ SUPER-RUSH ORDERS (50¢ extra)

Copyright © 1971 Transcience Corporation

TALES OF VOODOO

CONTENTS FOR APRIL 1972 VOL. 5 NO. 3

DEVIL POWER 4

An evil blood pact made by Satan and a mother to allow her unborn to serve the Prince of Darkness ends in spine-shattering shock.

THE BLOODY HEAD 10

A "horrorama" of bloody terror with a 500-year-old head that screamed for vengeance.

THE THING 17

A strange and unusual blob blasted from space, then crashed on earth yielding gold, diamonds, greed and death.

CANNIBAL HOUSE 22

The scarifying narrative of a hungry house that gulped down its victims—alive!

THE BURNING CORPSE 26

A gut-clutching chiller of a magician who fell victim to his own trick of the burning corpse.

THE GLASS MORGUE 31

The unreal becomes real in a terrifying beauty salon where human flesh is turned into glass.

SCALES OF DEATH 38

A grim tale of fiendish ancient evil tortures stemming from the dark ages.

NIGHTMARE MERCHANT 44

Terror engulfs the owners of a gloomy house in a bloody nightmare.

CARL BURGOS, Editor IRVING FASS, Art Director
EZRA JACKSON, Art Editor

TALES OF VOODOO IS PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY EERIE PUBLICATIONS, INC., 222 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10003. THE PUBLISHER ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIAL. ANY RESEMBLANCE TO PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. COPYRIGHT 1971 UNDER UNIVERSAL COPYRIGHT CONVENTIONS. INDIVIDUAL COPY PRICE 60¢. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

-DEVIL POWER

A LIVING MORTAL WAS BAIT TO BRING NEW SOULS TO THE FIERY DEPTHS OF SATAN'S DOMAIN. THAT WAS THE PACT LESLIE'S MOTHER MADE WITH THE DEVIL PROVIDED HE TOOK CARE OF HER HUSBAND AND HE DID! BUT IN THE END, EVEN THE FIERY ONE LEARNED THAT THE ACTIONS OF MORTALS CANNOT BE CONTROLLED!

OSCAR FRAGA

IT IS RUMORED THAT BEFORE LESLIE SANDS WAS BORN, LESLIE'S MOTHER, EMILY MADE A PACT WITH THE DEVIL. YOU SEE, EMILY SANDS HATED HER HUSBAND, SO MUCH THAT THE THOUGHT OF HAVING HIS CHILD THREW HER INTO UN-REASONING RAGE. ONE DAY....

"ALL YOU NEED AGREE TO IS TO LET ME INFLUENCE THE CHILD." AND SO, IN TIME....

LANDON SANDS AT FIRST TRIED TO ACCEPT THE CHILD. HE NAMED HER LESLIE, WHICH WAS THE NAME HE HAD SELECTED FOR A SON. BUT FINALLY....

AS THE GIRL GREW MORE BEAUTIFUL, SO MUCH MORE DID SANDS HATE HER...

BUT OTHER MEN ADORED HER. BUT SHE WAS NOT TOO PARTICULAR AS TO WHO THEY WERE....

AT ONE WILD PARTY, TO LESLIE'S DELIGHT, A MURDER WAS COMMITTED OVER HER FAVOR...

HER FATHER, IN A RAGE, BECAUSE OF THE DISGRACE, MURDERED HIS WIFE!

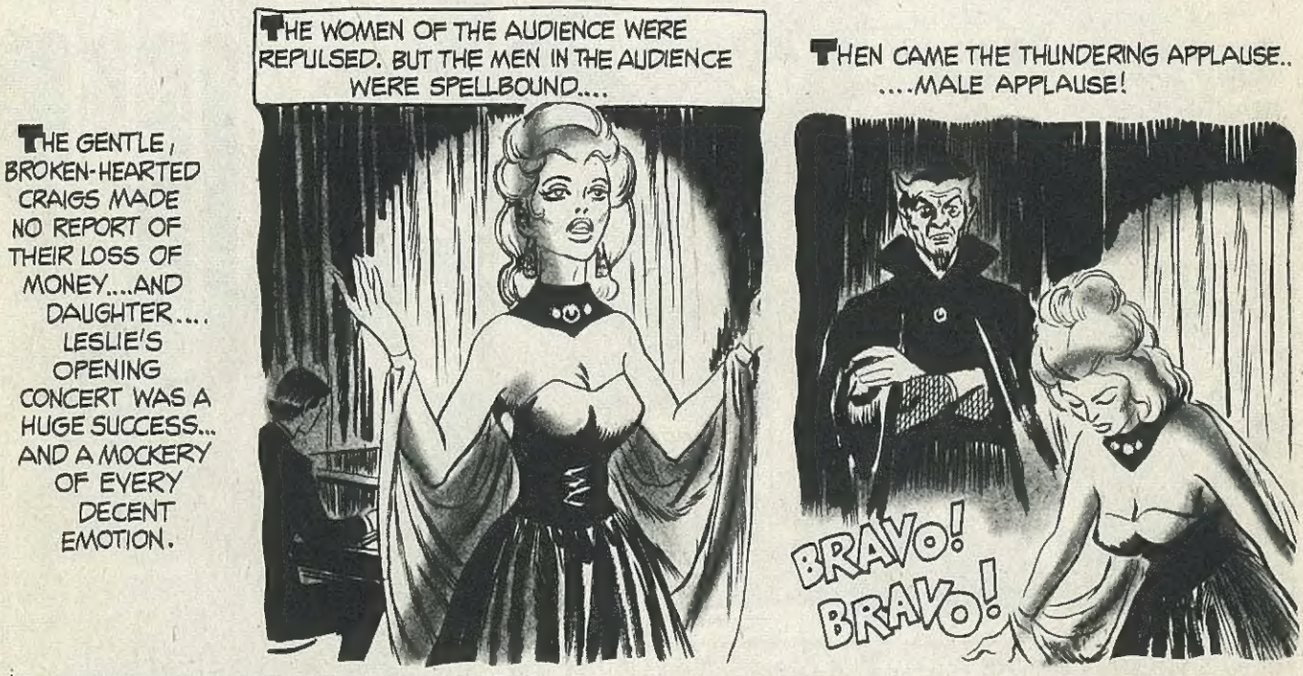
AND WENT TO PRISON FOR LIFE....

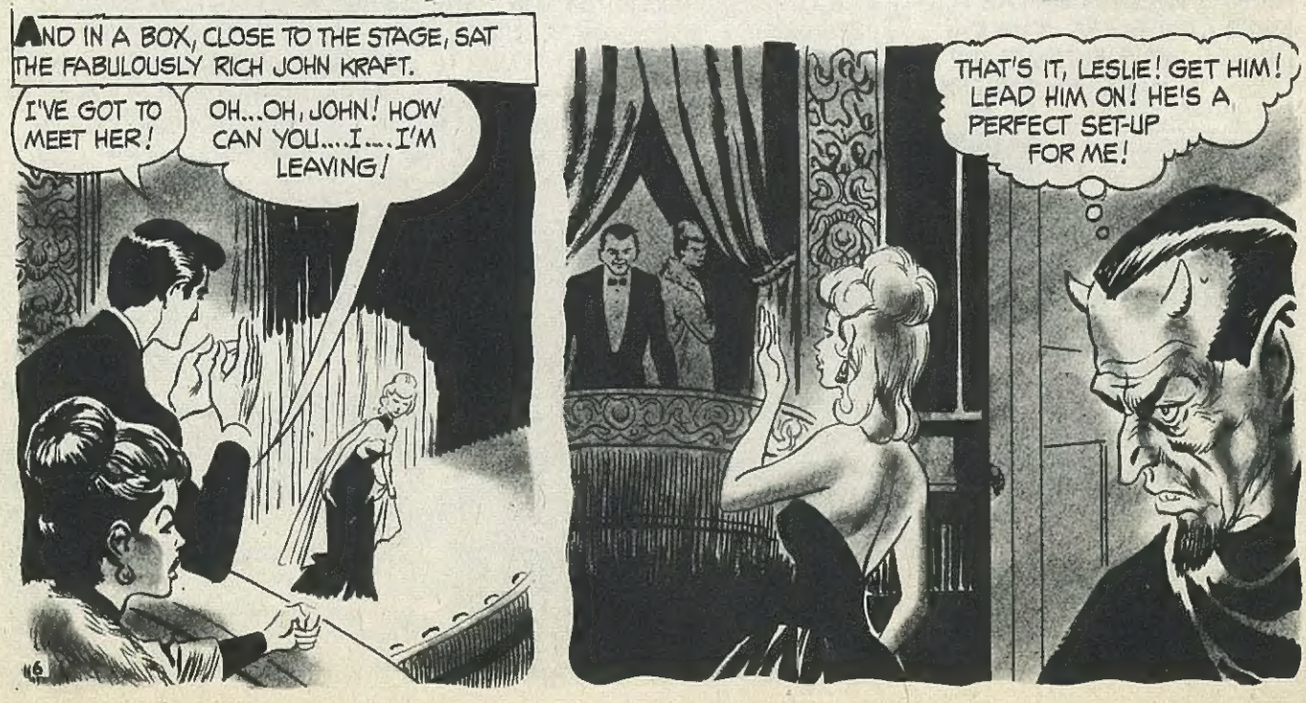
IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE A KINDLY, CHILDLESS COUPLE, NAMED CRAIG, RECEIVED THE RIGHT TO MAKE LESLIE THEIRS BY ADOPTION....

THE CRAIGS, THRILLED BY THE PRESENCE OF YOUTH, GAVE LESLIE ALL THE ADVANTAGES THEY COULD AFFORD...

THE DEVIL WAS NOW AT WORK!

THE MAESTRO CONTACTED THE GREAT IMPRESSARIO, MARIO SANDOR....
WAS SHE NOT MAGNIFICENT, MARIO? YOU WILL TAKE HER, EH?
FOR FIVE THOUSAND, YES. IT COSTS MONEY TO LAUNCH A NEW SINGER...
YOU CAN GET FIVE THOUSAND...
I'LL GET IT!
THAT SAME NIGHT, WHILE LESLIE'S PARENTS WERE OUT...
HERE IT IS! I KNEW THE OLD BOY KEPT A LOT IN THAT SAFE! LUCKY FOR ME I LEARNED THE COMBINATION!


THE GENTLE, BROKEN-HEARTED CRAIGS MADE NO REPORT OF THEIR LOSS OF MONEY....AND DAUGHTER.... LESLIE'S OPENING CONCERT WAS A HUGE SUCCESS... AND A MOCKERY OF EVERY DECENT EMOTION.
THE WOMEN OF THE AUDIENCE WERE REPULSED. BUT THE MEN IN THE AUDIENCE WERE SPELLBOUND....
THEN CAME THE THUNDERING APPLAUSE.. ....MALE APPLAUSE!
BRAVO! BRAVO!


AND IN A BOX, CLOSE TO THE STAGE, SAT THE FABULOUSLY RICH JOHN KRAFT.
I'VE GOT TO MEET HER!
OH...OH, JOHN! HOW CAN YOU....I....I'M LEAVING!
THAT'S IT, LESLIE! GET HIM! LEAD HIM ON! HE'S A PERFECT SET-UP FOR ME!

KRAFT FOLLOWED LESLIE WHEREEVER SHE SANG.

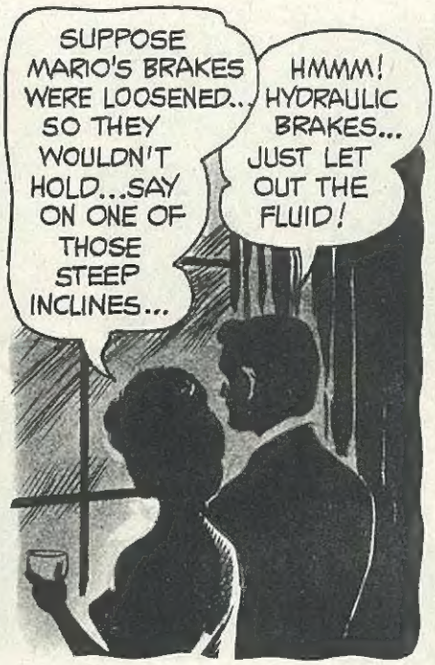
IN TIME KRAFT'S WIFE SERVED HIM WITH DIVORCE PAPERS. BUT IT MADE NO DIFFERENCE TO HIM....

MEANWHILE SANDOR, THE IMPRESSARIO, COUNTED THE MONEY THAT FLOODED THE BOX OFFICE....

JOHN...LET'S GO IN THERE.... AND CLOSE THE DOOR....I WANT TO SPEAK ABOUT SOMETHING!
HMMM? OKAY....

WHEN JOHN HAD CLOSED THE DOOR, HE TURNED QUESTIONINGLY TO LESLIE....
LISTEN, JOHN, WHY SHOULD WE PAY MARIO FIFTY PERCENT OF THE TAKE FOR WHAT HE DOES?
BUT YOU HAVE A CONTRACT!

BUT...IF MARIO SHOULD...SAY.. ..HAVE AN ACCIDENT?
ACCIDENT? HOW?


SUPPOSE MARIO'S BRAKES WERE LOOSENED.. SO THEY WOULDN'T HOLD...SAY ON ONE OF THOSE STEEP INCLINES...
HMMM! HYDRAULIC BRAKES... JUST LET OUT THE FLUID!

THE NEXT MORNING...
RIDE DOWN TO THE THEATRE WITH US, MARIO!
WELL...OKAY! IT WILL MAKE ONLY ONE PARKING PROBLEM INSTEAD OF TWO!

JOHN KRAFT EXCUSED HIMSELF ON THE PRETEXT OF ASKING THE DESK CLERK ABOUT HIS HOTEL BILL...
LEAVE MR. SANDOR'S CAR AT THE ENTRANCE. A GARAGE MAN WILL COME TO FIX IT!
NINE...SEVENTEEN... ..TWENTY-TWO...
HUH?...OH...ALL RIGHT, MR. KRAFT...

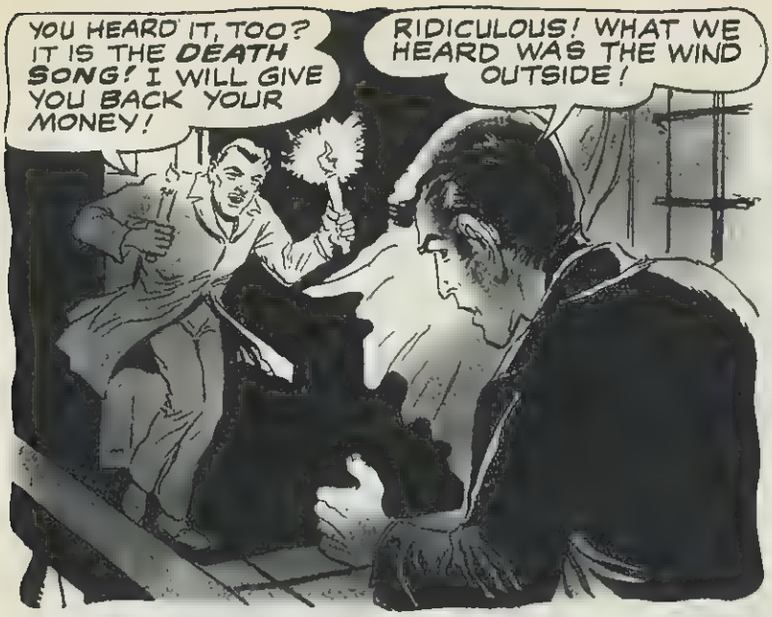
LATER THAT MORNING...
I'M TRYING OUT A SPECIAL NEW BRAKE FLUID. I WANT THE OLD FLUID DRAINED.
OKAY, MR. KRAFT....HILLTOP INN....CAR RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE ENTRANCE...I'LL SEND A MAN THERE THIS MORNING...

TWO STRANGE QUIRKS OF FATE THAT DAY GAVE AN UNUSUAL TWIST TO THE PLANS OF JOHN KRAFT AND LESLIE SANDS. FIRST, THE DESK CLERK FORGOT TO GIVE THE ATTENDANT JOHN'S MESSAGE....

The End

THE BLOODY HEAD

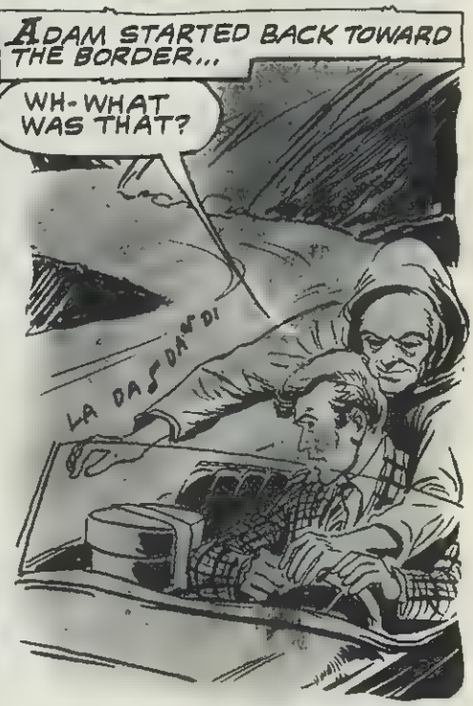
VERY INTERESTING! BUT WHY WAS HER HEAD PRESERVED?
WHEN TIMUR GREW TIRED OF HER, HE CUT OFF HER HEAD AND HAD IT EMBALMED VIA SOME STRANGE ORIENTAL PROCESS!
THEN HE SENT THE HEAD BACK TO SYR-DARYA'S FAMILY! ANY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY SINCE THEN WHO HAS TRIED TO GET RID OF IT SUFFERS A VIOLENT DEATH!
COUNT OLEG, YOU ARE MUCH TOO CIVILIZED TO REALLY BELIEVE A TALE LIKE THAT!
I TAKE NO PRIDE IN THE STORY! I HATE THE HEAD! IT TERRIFIES ME... AND YET, IT FASCINATES ME!
WHY NOT FORGET ALL YOUR SUPERSTITIOUS ROT AND SELL ME THE HEAD? I'LL GIVE YOU A VERY GOOD PRICE FOR IT!
I WOULDN'T DARE!
BUT AS ADAM SUSPECTED, COUNT OLEG'S NEED FOR MONEY WAS GREAT AND ADAM FINALLY PERSUADED HIM THAT NIGHT TO SELL THE HEAD...
I HAVE A FEELING I AM SENDING BOTH OF US TO A HORRIBLE END BY DOING THIS THING!
NONSENSE, COUNT OLEG!
THAT NIGHT THE NOTES OF A STRANGE SONG WENT WILDLY THROUGH THE CASTLE...


YOU HEARD IT, TOO? IT IS THE DEATH SONG! I WILL GIVE YOU BACK YOUR MONEY!
RIDICULOUS! WHAT WE HEARD WAS THE WIND OUTSIDE!

BUT EVEN ADAM, WHEN HE WENT BACK TO HIS BEDROOM THAT NIGHT, SEEMED TO FEEL THAT ALL THE FORCES OF PENT-UP EVIL LASHED THE CASTLE, AS THE WEIRD SONG CONTINUED!

THE NEXT MORNING...
GO, PLEASE... TAKE YOUR MONEY! LEAVE ME WITH THE HEAD!
NO! LAST NIGHT WAS WEIRD, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO LET A LITTLE STORM SCARE ME!

THE IDEA OF THIS THING IS RIDICULOUS! IT IS JUST WELL-PRESERVED FLESH! I'LL CARRY IT IN THIS HAT BOX!
I-I HAVE A FEELING I SHALL SEE IT AGAIN!


ADAM STARTED BACK TOWARD THE BORDER...
WH-WHAT WAS THAT?
LA DA DA DA DI

AS ADAM HEARD THE SONG, INVISIBLE HANDS SEEMED TO WRENCH THE WHEEL FROM HIS GRASP!

Then
BEAT HIM! BUT NOT TO DEATH! I HAVE NOT YET MADE HIM SERVE MY PURPOSE!

AS ADAM LAY AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN, THE COUNT SUDDENLY HEARD SYR-DARYA'S DEATH SONG AGAIN!
THE SONG! IF THE HEAD HAS RETURNED, I WILL KNOW THE CURSE IS TRUE!
IT-IT IS BACK!
SUDDENLY, THE EYES FLEW OPEN, THE LIPS PARTED, AND THE VOICE OF SYR-DARYA CAME AGAIN!
DA YAH DA-DA DI!
YOU ARE THE LAST OF THE DARYA FAMILY! WITH YOU DIES THE CURSE PUT UPON ME AND ALL MY BLOOD!
HELP! MERCY!
I GAVE NO MERCY IN LIFE--I GIVE NONE IN DEATH! THOSE WHO CURSED ME, DOOMED ME TO HALF-LIFE UNTIL I HAD DESTROYED EVERY DROP OF BLOOD LIKE MINE THAT STILL EXISTED!
THEN, I, TOO, GO TO MY DOOM! DOWN THERE WITH TIMUR, AND THE OTHER DEMONS, I SHALL BE LASHED THROUGH ETERNITY, UNLESS SOME MORTAL WILLINGLY GIVES HIS SOUL FOR MINE!
HE'S DEAD! DA YAH DA DA DI!

NO! NO! I HAVE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AFTER THE LAST OF DARYA BLOOD HAS LEFT THE EARTH TO WORK OUT MY OWN SALVATION!

MEANWHILE...
IT IS SURPRISING YOU WERE NOT KILLED! WHAT HAPPENED?

I-I WAS NOT TO BLAME! SOMETHING STARTLED ME, AND THEN THE WHEEL WAS WRENCHED OUT OF MY HAND!
YOU HAD A SHOCK... PERHAPS YOU WERE DELIRIOUS!

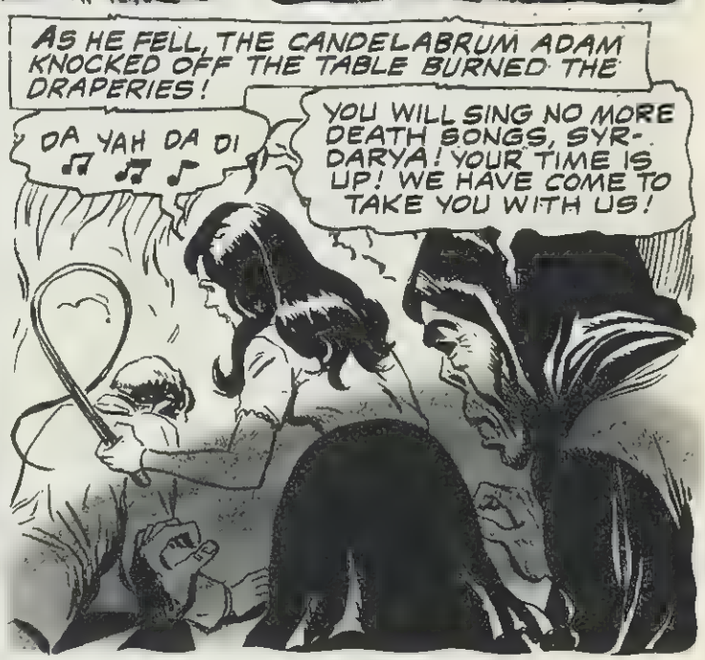
THE HAT BOX! THE HEAD!
WHAT IS HE RAVING ABOUT?

COME! I WILL TAKE YOU TO TOWN!
THE HEAD--IT'S GONE! I MUST GET ANOTHER CAR AND GO BACK TO THE CASTLE!

IN SPITE OF THE OFFICIAL PROTESTS, ADAM SECURED A CAR IN TOWN AND HEADED BACK TO THE CASTLE! THE HEAD OF SYR-DARYA SEEMED TO MOCK HIM THROUGH THE GLOOM, AND HE COULD HEAR THE ECHOES OF HER SONG!
I'M PROBABLY A FOOL FOR GOING BACK, BUT I MUST GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!

HE COMES, I TELL YOU! THE MORTAL WHO WILL GIVE HIS SOUL FOR MINE! I STILL HAVE TIME LEFT!
YOUR DOOM AWAITS YOU, SYR-DARYA-- FIVE HUNDRED YEARS OVERDUE!

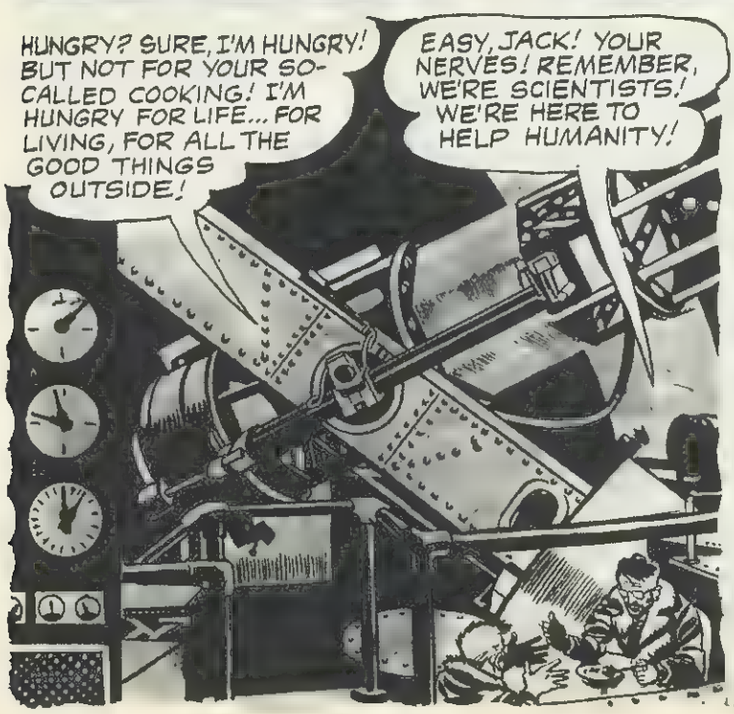
THE MORTAL ARRIVES! I TOLD YOU HE WOULD!
YOU HAVE ONLY A FEW HOURS LEFT SYR-DARYA!
I HAVE COME TO SEE THE COUNT! I WAS A VISITOR HERE, AND LEFT EARLIER...
AH, YES--MR. ADAM JOHNS, COME IN!
I DON'T BELIEVE I KNOW YOU, BUT SOMEHOW, YOU LOOK FAMILIAR!
I AM A RELATIVE OF COUNT DARYA'S!
YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL! BUT-- I KNOW YOU LOOK LIKE THE HEAD OF SYR-DARYA!
PLEASE-- DO NOT SPEAK OF THAT!
COME-- I HAVE NOT SEEN AN ATTRACTIVE MAN IN A LONG TIME!
B-BUT THE COUNT...WHERE IS HE? I MUST SEE HIM!
THIS WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN ADAM HAD EVER SEEN! BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT HER THAT FRIGHTENED HIM! AND YET, LOOKING INTO HER EYES, HE FELT AS THOUGH HE WERE SINKING INTO OBLIVION!
FORGET COUNT DARYA! FORGET EVERYTHING BUT ME! WOULD YOU NOT BE WILLING TO GIVE YOUR LIFE FOR ME?
I-I--
BUT SUDDENLY, ADAM TORE HIS EYES AWAY FROM HERS, LOOKING TOWARD THE CABINET, HE SAW THE COUNT'S BLEEDING FORM!
AHH!
YOU ARE MINE! YOU BELONG TO ME! YOU WILL DIE FOR ME!



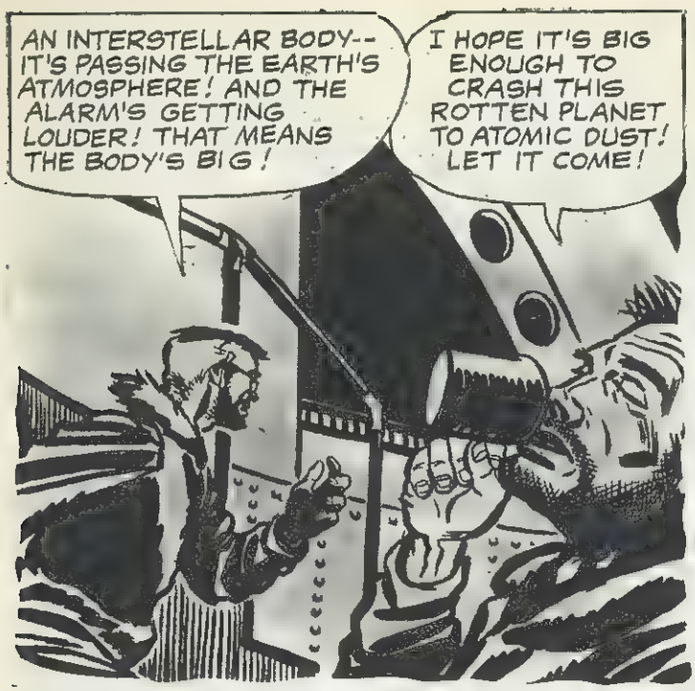
ADAM JOHNS REACHED HIS CAR, AND NOT UNTIL HE WAS MILES AWAY DID HE LOOK BACK! THE CASTLE WAS IN FLAMES! HE SEEMED TO SEE THE SOUL OF SYR-DARYA AND ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS ECHOED THE **DEATH-SONG** SHE NOW SANG FOR **HERSELF!**

The THING

Reynoso


HUNGRY? SURE, I'M HUNGRY! BUT NOT FOR YOUR SO-CALLED COOKING! I'M HUNGRY FOR LIFE... FOR LIVING, FOR ALL THE GOOD THINGS OUTSIDE!
EASY, JACK! YOUR NERVES! REMEMBER, WE'RE SCIENTISTS! WE'RE HERE TO HELP HUMANITY!

HUMANITY? BAH! A LOT ANYONE CARES!
THINK OF OUR WORK, JACK! OUR METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS! WAIT! THE AUTOMATIC METEOR ALARM IS RINGING!
BRR-RRINGG!


AN INTERSTELLAR BODY-- IT'S PASSING THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE! AND THE ALARM'S GETTING LOUDER! THAT MEANS THE BODY'S BIG!
I HOPE IT'S BIG ENOUGH TO CRASH THIS ROTTEN PLANET TO ATOMIC DUST! LET IT COME!

G-GOOD GRIEF! IT C-CAN'T BE...! A METEOR... B-BIG AS THE MOON... AND IT'S NOT PASSING BY! JACK! IT'S GOING TO CRASH!

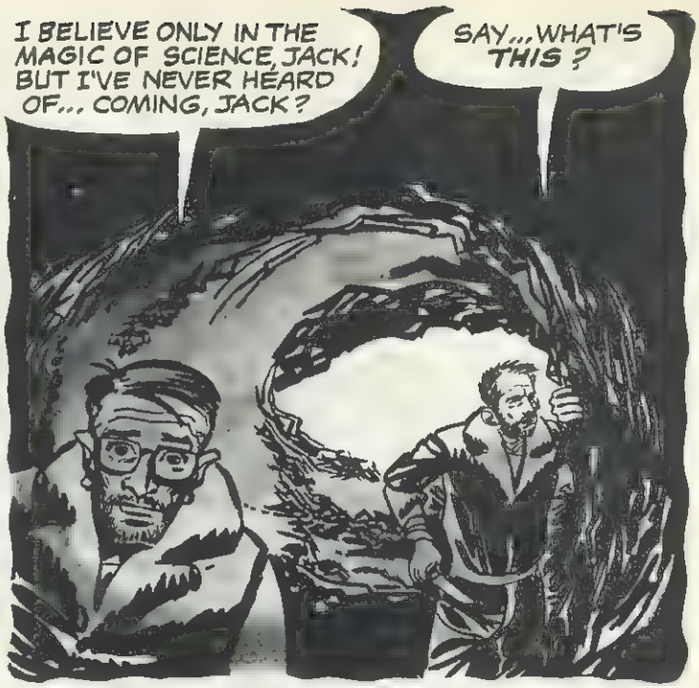
J-JACK... OH-H!
DOC... YAAA!!

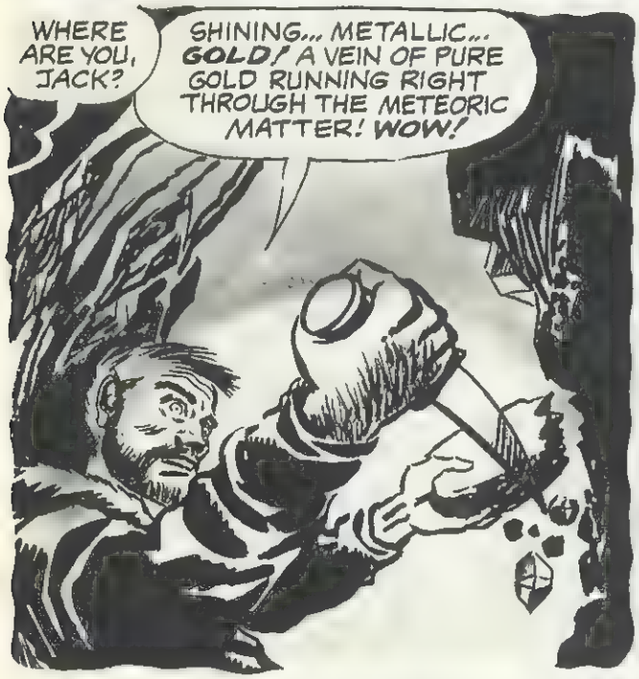
J-JACK! JACK! CAN Y-YOU HEAR ME?
I--I HEAR YOU, DOC! (GASP) ...GUESS I'M SHAKEN UP!

IT--IT'S UNCANNY... AS... AS IF I SOMEHOW CAUSED IT WITH MY BLASPHEMY ON SCIENCE!
SKIP IT, JACK! LET'S GO OUTSIDE FOR A LOOK!

MAN, OH MAN, WHAT A BREAK! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF IT! IT'S THE SCIENTIFIC FIND OF THE CENTURY!
IT ALMOST BROKE US, ALL RIGHT! OKAY... I'M COMING!

LOOK HERE! A HOLE LEADING INTO THE HEART OF THE ASTEROID... IT'S ALMOST LIKE A DOOR-WAY... INVITING US IN... BUT HOW...?
WHAT'S THE MATTER, DOC? FORGETTING YOUR SCIENTIFIC MANNER? YOU SOUND LIKE YOU BELIEVE IT'S SOME KIND OF MAGIC!


I BELIEVE ONLY IN THE MAGIC OF SCIENCE, JACK! BUT I'VE NEVER HEARD OF... COMING, JACK?
SAY... WHAT'S THIS?


WHERE ARE YOU, JACK?
SHINING... METALLIC... GOLD! A VEIN OF PURE GOLD RUNNING RIGHT THROUGH THE METEORIC MATTER! WOW!

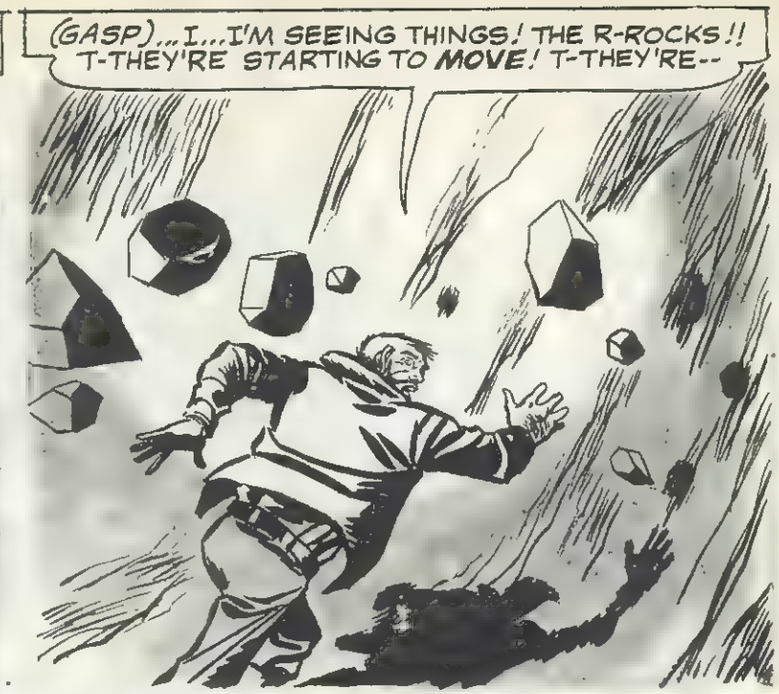
AND DIAMONDS... AND RUBIES... EMERALDS... TOPAZ! THIS HUNK OF SPACE ROCK IS WORTH MILLIONS... MILLIONS!
IT'LL BE WORTH MORE THAN THAT TO SCIENCE, ONCE I NOTIFY THE UNIVERSITY OF OUR FIND!

I'LL RADIO THEM RIGHT AWAY, AND...
HOLD IT! BACK WHERE YOU WERE! YOU'RE NOT NOTIFYING ANYBODY OF THIS FIND!

YOU CAN'T MEAN IT! THIS IS THE FIND OF THE CENTURY! WE'VE GOT TO NOTIFY THE UNIVERSITY!
IT'S A FIND, ALL RIGHT! ONLY NOW, IT'S FINDERS KEEPERS! I'M NOT LETTING IT GET AWAY FROM ME!

WE'RE SCIENTISTS... SCIENTISTS, JACK! OUR DUTY IS TO...
YOU STICK TO SCIENCE! I'M THROUGH HELPING HUMANITY! I'M GOING TO BE RICH, AND YOU'RE NOT STOPPING ME!
NO! NO! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING! YOU'RE AAAAGGH!
I DON'T, EH? I WARNED YOU, DOC!
W...WHAT'S THAT SOUND? IT'S DOC...SCREAMING... IT'S ECHOING AND RE-ECHOING!
AAAAGGH--
AAAAGGH--
AAAAGGH--
OHH! THE VIBRATIONS! MY EARS... S-STOP... STOP IT! AAH!
THE METEOR... (GASP)... IT'S CRACKING APART! THE VIBRATIONS... AHHH...! MY HEAD... I CAN'T S-STAND THE VIBRATIONS!
DOC'S DYING SCREAM... ACTIVATED THE PURE QUARTZ CRYSTALS! (PANT)... HIS SCREAM SET THEM TO VIBRATING... CRACKED THE METEOR APART! RUN... RUN... GOT TO RUN!

BUT WHAT AM I AFRAID OF NOW? EVEN IF THEY'RE FROM SPACE, THEY'RE ONLY ROCKS! THEY CAN'T HURT ME! BACK... BACK... I'VE GOT TO TURN BACK! ALL THAT GOLD...THOSE DIAMONDS... EEOWW! W-WHAT H-HIT ME?


(GASP)...I...I'M SEEING THINGS! THE R-ROCKS!! T-THEY'RE STARTING TO MOVE! T-THEY'RE--

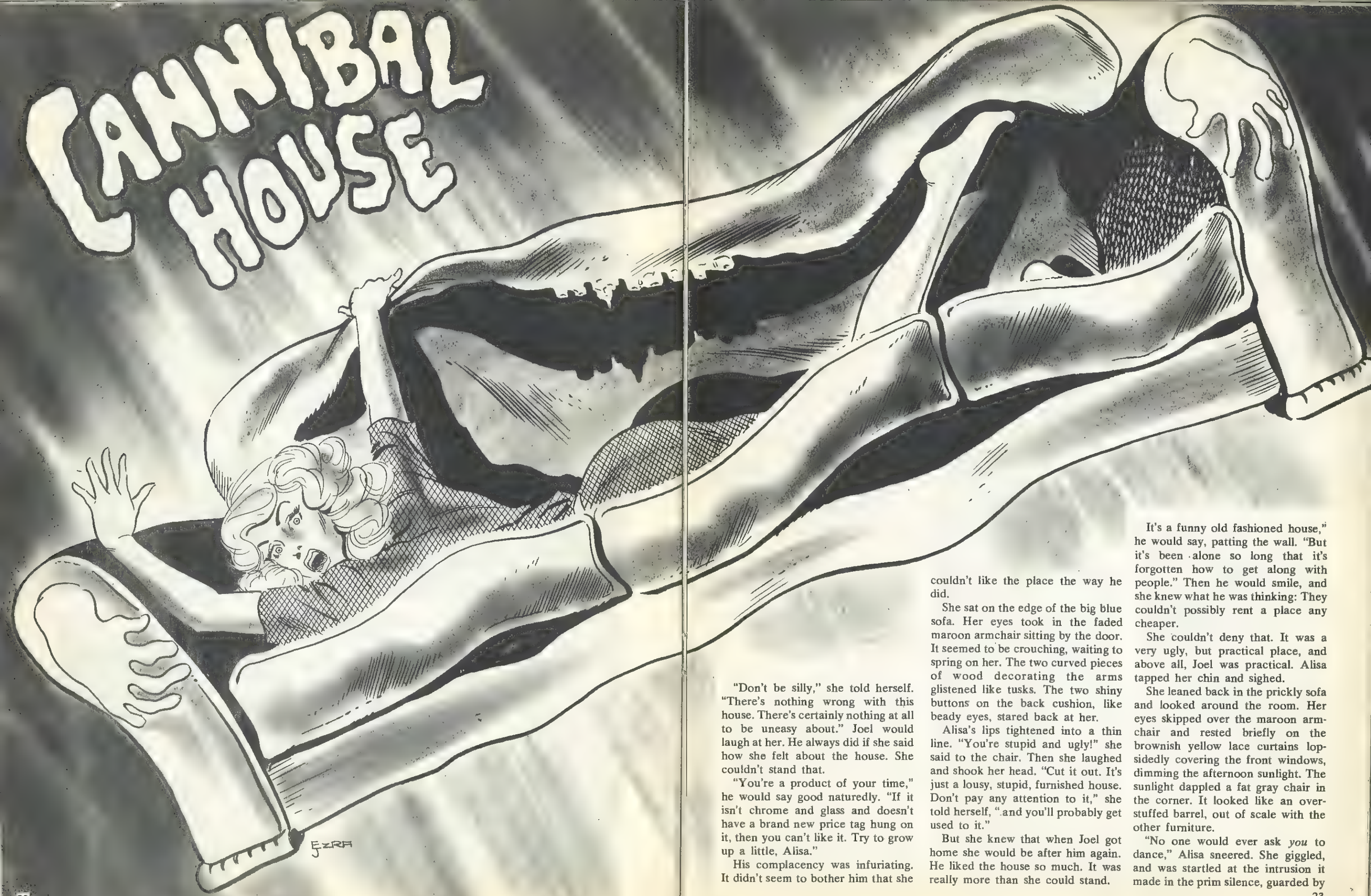
YEOWWOOO THEY... THEY ARE! THE ROCKS...THEY'VE GOT A WILL OF THEIR OWN! TH--THEY'RE ALIVE! THEY'RE COMING AFTER ME!

NO...NO! ROCKS CAN'T BE ALIVE! ROCKS ARE DEAD! ALL THAT GOLD... DIAMONDS...IT'S MINE...MINE! STOP! ST... ARGHH-H!

DIAMONDS... DIA--

THE END

CANNIBAL HOUSE



"Don't be silly," she told herself. "There's nothing wrong with this house. There's certainly nothing at all to be uneasy about." Joel would laugh at her. He always did if she said how she felt about the house. She couldn't stand that.

"You're a product of your time," he would say good naturedly. "If it isn't chrome and glass and doesn't have a brand new price tag hung on it, then you can't like it. Try to grow up a little, Alisa."

His complacency was infuriating. It didn't seem to bother him that she couldn't like the place the way he did.

She sat on the edge of the big blue sofa. Her eyes took in the faded maroon armchair sitting by the door. It seemed to be crouching, waiting to spring on her. The two curved pieces of wood decorating the arms glistened like tusks. The two shiny buttons on the back cushion, like beady eyes, stared back at her.

Alisa's lips tightened into a thin line. "You're stupid and ugly!" she said to the chair. Then she laughed and shook her head. "Cut it out. It's just a lousy, stupid, furnished house. Don't pay any attention to it," she told herself, "and you'll probably get used to it."

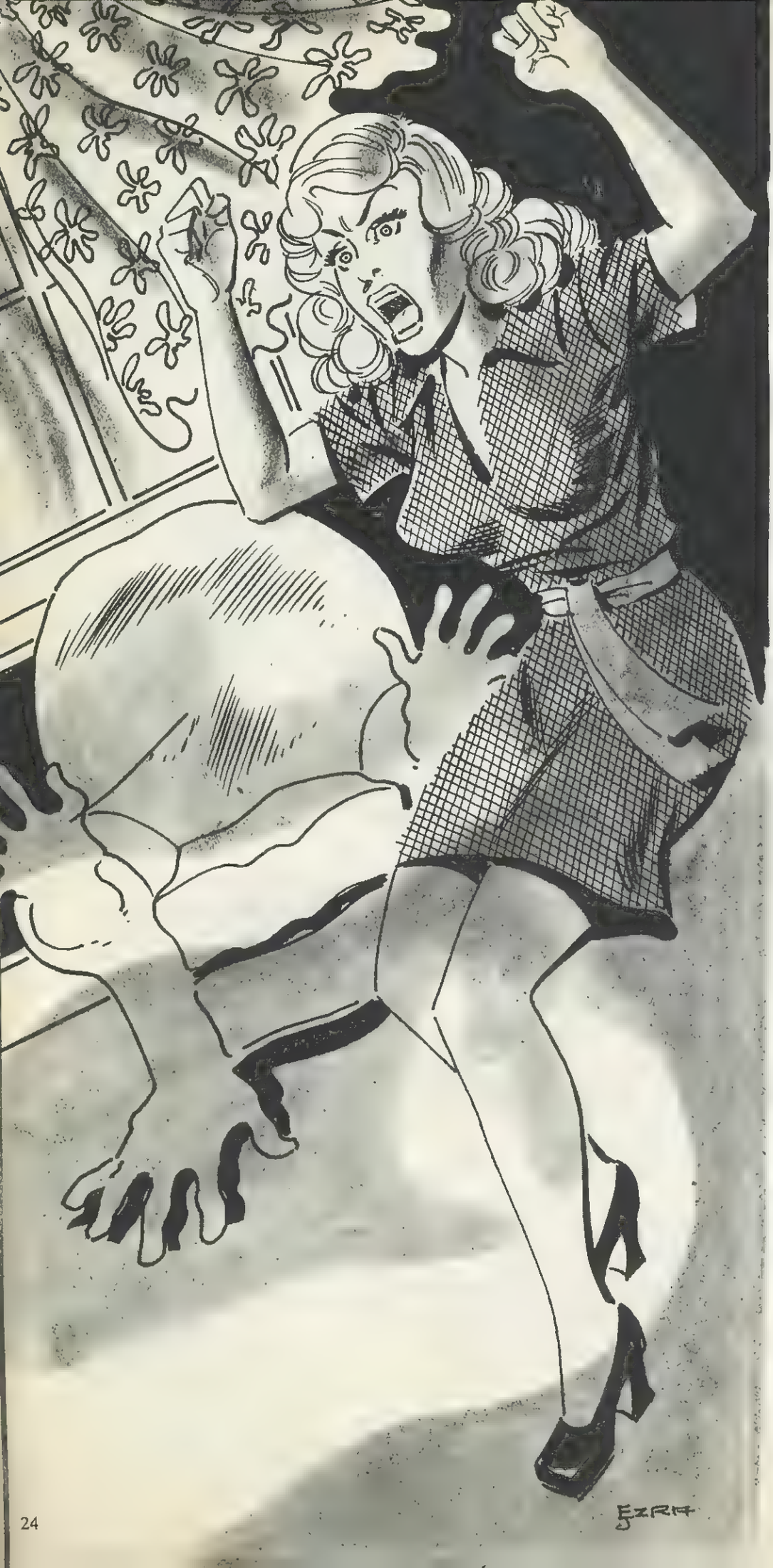
But she knew that when Joel got home she would be after him again. He liked the house so much. It was really more than she could stand.

It's a funny old fashioned house," he would say, patting the wall. "But it's been alone so long that it's forgotten how to get along with people." Then he would smile, and she knew what he was thinking: They couldn't possibly rent a place any cheaper.

She couldn't deny that. It was a very ugly, but practical place, and above all, Joel was practical. Alisa tapped her chin and sighed.

She leaned back in the prickly sofa and looked around the room. Her eyes skipped over the maroon armchair and rested briefly on the brownish yellow lace curtains lopsidedly covering the front windows, dimming the afternoon sunlight. The sunlight dappled a fat gray chair in the corner. It looked like an overstuffed barrel, out of scale with the other furniture.

"No one would ever ask *you* to dance," Alisa sneered. She giggled, and was startled at the intrusion it made in the prim silence, guarded by



that disapproving furniture.

She shifted to the edge of the sofa again, not liking the soft, familiar way it molded itself to her body. "Stupid sofa," she said out loud, determined to undermine the silence. "Of all the sofas I've sat on in my whole life, you are undoubtedly the stupidest ever." She banged her heel hard against the sofa leg.

The closet door to her right silently swung open. She jumped up and stepped away from the sofa. "Damn it!" That closet door was always swinging open, no matter how carefully she closed it. Joel would laugh when it happened.

"Just wants a little attention," he would say. "Wants to let you know it's still around."

She shuddered and walked over to the closet and slammed the door hard. "There!" she said. "You can't catch me this time."

She turned to walk back to the sofa, and the door banged open behind her. She jumped away, clutching at the sofa arm. She turned and stared at the door. "Good God," she snapped. "Joel had better listen to me once and for all! I've had about all I can take of this place."

She saw out of the corner of her eye that the window curtain was gently moving. "Too windy," she muttered and walked over to close the window. She stopped halfway across the room. "It's not open. I didn't open the window today because it was too cool." The gray window glass reflected her face back at her, and the curtain swayed once more and hung silent again, waiting.

Alisa was frightened now. It had seemed ridiculous, at first, to let her imagination get carried away; but this was not her imagination any more.

The curtain moved again, coiled around on itself, and stretched out toward Alisa. She backed away quickly and bumped into the sofa. She looked behind her; the closet was gaping open.

"The closet! That's where it wants me to go!" The chairs crouched in their corners impatiently, and the closet waited, wide and dark. "Oh no, I won't!" she cried. "I won't go in there!" The sofa rubbed her leg with its nubbly blue arm. The curtains at the windows congealed the sunlight into dull brown, like rust flaking into

the room.

The sofa, she noticed, felt warm. "It's trying to push me into the closet. No you don't, you stupid sofa!" Alisa climbed onto the sofa. "Now you just try to get me into that closet!" She lay down on her stomach and clung full length to the sofa, holding tight. "Oh Joel, why don't you come home?"

"It's just a lonely old spinster house," Joel would say. "It needs love and it'll bloom again. Why, look at this lovely old furniture. It has real character. You can't get that sort of furniture nowadays at all." And then he would sit down on the sofa as though it were a rare and fragile antique. "Really well made," he would say, and pat the arm approvingly. Alisa would blow up at this point. Joel was really more than she could take sometimes.

Alisa clung tightly to the sofa cushions. The nubbly blue material was only inches from her eyes. She could see shreds of lint and dust caught in the threads and she noticed the brighter material on the side of the cushion where it hadn't gotten dirty. It was ugly, but it looked normal enough.

She tried to shift her weight. *The damn thing really molds itself to fit the body,* she thought. *I feel like I'm sinking into it.* Her body seemed heavy and stiff and she made another effort to move.

"Oh no," she moaned. She had really fallen into the trap. The house hadn't wanted her in the closet at all; it had wanted her right here, just where she was, on the sofa. She tried to roll over, but her body lay there like a tired wooden doll. She struggled to lift her head, but she couldn't even move it. She was sinking, sinking into the sofa. Her chin, hands, chest, and toes were already caught in a warm, unmoving grip, disappearing into the sofa.

She tried to scream then, but it was too late. Her mouth was enveloped, and her nose, and only her eyes were bulging out, not really seeing anything any more. Then her ears, back, legs, and finally at last, her heels and the back of her head, sinking.

The maroon chair's buttons shone in the dimming sunlight. The front door clicked open.

"Alisa? Where are you? It's Joel." He dropped his briefcase by the door. "Alisa?"

He walked into the living room. The closet door was still open, and he crossed the room to close it. "That's a nice house," he said and gently pushed it shut. It stayed closed. "Alisa?" he called again. "Oh well," he muttered. "I guess she went out shopping."

He crossed the hall into the dining room. "Guess I'll read the paper here till she gets back and fixes supper." He sat down at the table and spread the newspaper out. He started at the front page, worked through to the sports, and was starting in on the entertainment section when he smelled the Beef Stroganoff.

"Mmmmmm." He dropped the newspaper to the floor, and he went into the kitchen. There was a big plate heaped with Beef Stroganoff, rice, green salad with Roquefort dressing, little pickled beets, and deviled egg sprinkled with flecks of paprika. A small bowl was filled with home-made custard pudding, and the sweet smell of nutmeg made his mouth water.

He picked the dishes off the sideboard and took them into the dining room where he placed them on the table. He took a big bite of rice and Beef Stroganoff.

"It's really delicious! Alisa, you've never cooked anything quite this good before." He looked up from the plate suddenly. "Alisa!" he called sharply. He looked around. She wasn't in the kitchen; he would have noticed if she had been. He shrugged, and went back to eating, scraping heaping piles of rice onto his spoon. It was undoubtedly the best meal he had ever eaten.

After the big plate was empty and the little custard bowl scraped clean, he strolled back out into the living room.

"What's this?" Joel said. A neat little pile of glittering objects was heaped at the foot of the sofa. He prodded at it with his finger; it looked mostly like hairpins. He poked at it again and some little irregular pieces of metal that looked like tooth fillings fell out. Joel could see something else underneath the hairpins, something gold. He carefully separated it out. "Alisa's wedding ring, and her bracelet and wrist watch. Well," Joel said. He stood for a minute looking at the glittering pile.

He turned around and went into the kitchen. When he returned to the living room he had a coffee tin in his hand, and he scooped the little heap off the sofa into the trash. He crossed the hall and went through the kitchen to the back door, where a shovel stood, and he took the shovel outside with him.

It was dark now, and the tall hedge sheltered the back yard from the neighbors. Joel walked over by a low bush near the back of the yard, and started digging. He didn't have to dig very much before he had a hole quite big enough for the coffee tin.

He carefully replaced the dirt over the tin, wiped the shovel off, and went back into the house. He put the shovel into the storage closet and entered the living room.

The lace curtains swayed toward him softly, and tickled his ear. The maroon chair nuzzled at his hand. "That's a nice house," Joel smiled. "They just don't make houses like this any more."

THE BURNING CORPSE

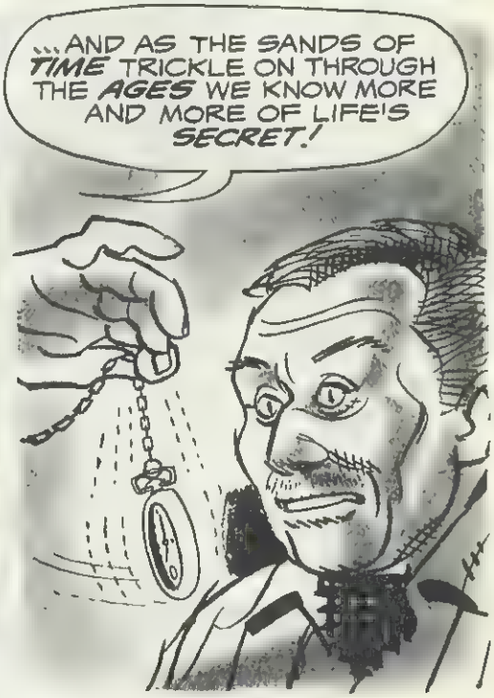
THURSTON FLETCHER WAS A MAGICIAN WELL VERSED IN THE ART OF VOODOO BLACK MAGIC. HIS GREATEST FEAT WAS THE BURNING CORPSE UNTIL HE FELL VICTIM TO HIS OWN ACT!

YES, GO ON, MR. DIABLO!
WELL, IT CONCERNS BLACK MAGIC!

BUT BEFORE I TELL YOU MY OFFER, I MUST BE CONVINCED THAT YOU ARE NOT A FRAUD!
FAIR ENOUGH... WE OF THE CULT FEAR NO TEST OF OUR--UH TALENTS!

IF I PLAY MY CARDS RIGHT I CAN TAKE THIS SUCKER FOR PLENTY!

LET ME EXPLAIN... BLACK MAGIC IS THE BIBLE OF THE ANCIENTS... WE WHO ARE THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLES KNOW ITS SECRETS!


...AND AS THE SANDS OF TIME TRICKLE ON THROUGH THE AGES WE KNOW MORE AND MORE OF LIFE'S SECRET!

NOW JUST WHAT DO YOU HAVE IN MIND, MR. DIABLO?
A TEST! I MUST BE SURE YOU ARE WHAT YOU SAY!

IN OTHER WORDS, A PSYCHIC PHENOMENON!
THAT'S RIGHT--AND ON MY TERMS... I CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES!

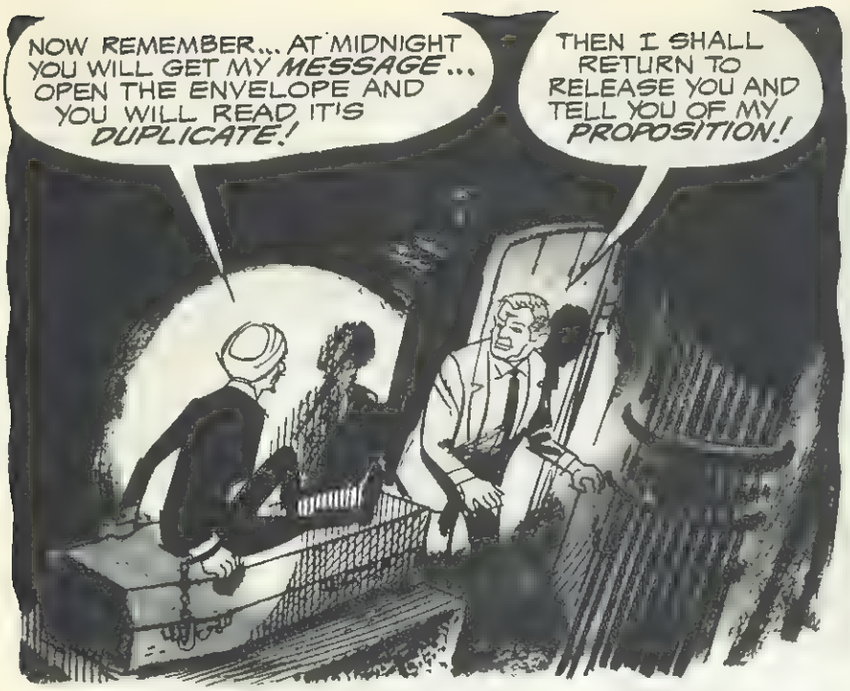
...AND SO THE PLANS WERE LAID! PLANS THAT WERE TO TAKE THURSTON FLETCHER TO A DANK, DARK MAUSOLEUM THAT LAY HIDDEN IN A FORBODING SECTION OF A CEMETARY!

A VERY COZY MAUSOLEUM, MR. DIABLO, WE CAN CONDUCT OUR EXPERIMENT VERY NICELY FROM HERE!
I THOUGHT YOU WOULD APPRECIATE IT!

HAVE YOU PREPARED THE WRITTEN MESSAGE AS WE PLANNED?
I HAVE IT IN THIS SEALED ENVELOPE-- TAKE IT!

...YOU WILL RETURN TO MY APARTMENT AND EXACTLY AT MIDNIGHT I WILL PROJECT THE MESSAGE INTO YOUR MIND!

THEN YOU WON'T MIND IF I HANDCUFF YOU TO THIS COFFIN, WILL YOU?
OF COURSE NOT!


NOW REMEMBER... AT MIDNIGHT YOU WILL GET MY MESSAGE... OPEN THE ENVELOPE AND YOU WILL READ IT'S DUPLICATE!
THEN I SHALL RETURN TO RELEASE YOU AND TELL YOU OF MY PROPOSITION!

THE FOOL! HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT I'VE A TAPE RECORDER WITH THE MESSAGE ON IT! AT MIDNIGHT A REMOTE CONTROL UNIT WILL START IT!

AND NOW THE SCHEME WAS COMPLETE! MR. DIABLO RETURNED TO START HIS VIGIL!
SO FLETCHER IS GOING TO PROJECT HIS MESSAGE TO MY MIND... WE SHALL SEE...

MEANWHILE BACK AT THE MAUSOLEUM...
WHAT'S THAT SMELL? SULPHUR AND BRIMESTONE! AND SMOKE!

THE COFFIN! IT'S ON FIRE!

I CAN'T GET FREE... I'M TRAPPED! A-A-EEEEE!

FUNNY THING THOUGH... MR. FLETCHER KEPT HIS APPOINTMENT AFTER ALL... ONLY IT WAS IN HADES! BUT THEN, BETTER LATE THAN NEVER... HO...HO...HEE...

END

HOW BEAUTIFUL THESE FIGURINES ARE! SO LIFE-LIKE! I HAVE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING QUITE LIKE THEM!

JA! ARE THEY NOT MOST EXQUISITE? IT'S OUR FIRST SHIPMENT! SUCH CRAFTSMANSHIP! NEIN?

IF YOU FOUND OUT WHAT WENT ON AT THE NEW REDUCING SALON IN OBERLIN PLATZ, IT'S POSSIBLE THAT YOU TOO WOULD AVOID...

THE GLASS MORGUE

FRAU FREIDA HERTZEL ALIGHTED FROM THE TRAIN AT DRESDEN AND FOUND HER HUSBAND WAITING FOR HER ON THE STATION PLATFORM...

FRIEDA, MY DEAR! DID YOU HAVE A NICE TRIP? HOW IS THE FAMILY IN MUNICH?

KURT! WHAT A SURPRISE! I DID NOT EXPECT YOU TO MEET ME!

YOU MUST HAVE CLOSED THE STORE EARLY TO COME TO THE STATION! YOU DID NOT HAVE TO DO THAT FOR ME, KURT!

ACH... FREIDA... YOU DO NOT KNOW WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THIS CITY! EVER SINCE YOU HAVE BEEN IN MUNICH VISITING...

...NO LESS THAN TWENTY WOMEN HAVE DISAPPEARED WITHOUT A TRACE! WHEN WE GET HOME YOU WILL SEE THEIR PICTURES IN THE NEWSPAPERS!

ACH! I TELL YOU... NO WOMAN IS SAFE ALONE ON THE STREETS! HERE ARE THE NEWSPAPERS!

OH,,, MEIN GOTT!
WHAT IS IT, FRIEDA? YOU KNOW SOME OF THEM?

NO, BUT THESE PICTURES REMIND ME OF SOME MAGNIFICENT DRESDEN CHINA FIGURINES I SAW IN A SHOP WHEN I WAS IN MUNICH!

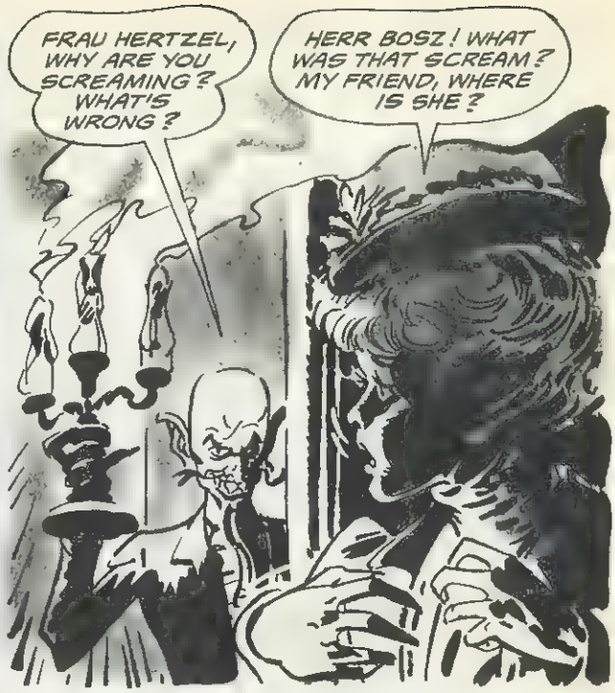
THEY ARE SO REALISTIC! SUCH WORK-MANSHIP!
JA, MEIN FRAU! THE VERY BEST DRESDEN, TOO! OUR FIRST SHIP-MENT FROM THE PERSON WHO MAKES THEM!

"I WANTED TO BUY A PAIR... A MAN LIKE YOU, AND A LADY JUST LIKE ME!"
I'M SORRY, MEIN FRAU! I DON'T THINK WE RECIEVED ANY! ERIC... WERE THERE ANY THIN ONES!
NO, PERHAPS WE COULD PLACE A SPECIAL ORDER FOR THE LADY!
THANK YOU... I LIVE IN DRESDEN! I WILL LOOK FOR WHAT I WANT WHEN I RETURN HOME!
CHINA SHOP

KURT... I NEVER HAVE SEEN SUCH FIGURINES EVEN HERE IN DRESDEN! THEY LOOKED SO MUCH LIKE THESE PICTURES!
NONSENSE, FREIDA! IT'S YOUR IMAGINATION!

THE NEXT DAY, FRAU HERTZEL WAS VISITED BY HER GOOD FRIEND FRAU BOEHMLER...
HILDA... YOU'VE PUT ON SO MUCH WEIGHT SINCE I LAST SAW YOU!
DO NOT BLAME ME FRIEDA! YOU HAVE HEARD WHAT HAS BEEN GOING ON HERE! IT'S AWFUL!
THREE OF THOSE WOMEN I KNEW! THEY WENT TO HERR BOSZ... JUST LIKE I DO! NOW THEY'RE GONE! I'M SO NERVOUS, I CAN'T STOP EATING!
LOOK AT ME!... HOW FAT I AM! I'M ON MY WAY TO HERR BOSZ NOW! COME WITH ME FRIEDA! I'M AFRAID TO GO OUT ALONE!
AH, FRAU BOEHMLER! HOW NICE TO SEE YOU... AND WHO IS YOUR CHARMING FRIEND?
HERR BOSS! THIS IS MY VERY GOOD FRIEND, FRAU HERTZEL!
A PLEASURE!... EVEN THOUGH YOU WILL NEVER NEED MY SERVICES! MY BUSINESS IS SO SLOW NOW WITH WOMEN AFRAID TO LEAVE THEIR HOMES!
WELL... COME FRAU BOEHMLER! FRAU HERTZEL CAN WAIT FOR YOU HERE!
BUT IT WAS LONGER THAN FRAU HERTZEL FIGURED! SEATED IN A SOFT CHAIR, SHE BECAME DROWSY! HER HEAD NODDED... HER EYES CLOSED... AND SHE WAS ASLEEP...
SUDDENLY SHE WAS AWAKENED BY A TERRIFYING SCREAM!
HILDA!! WHAT'S HAPPENING!! HILDA!!
AAAIIIYYYEEAHH!

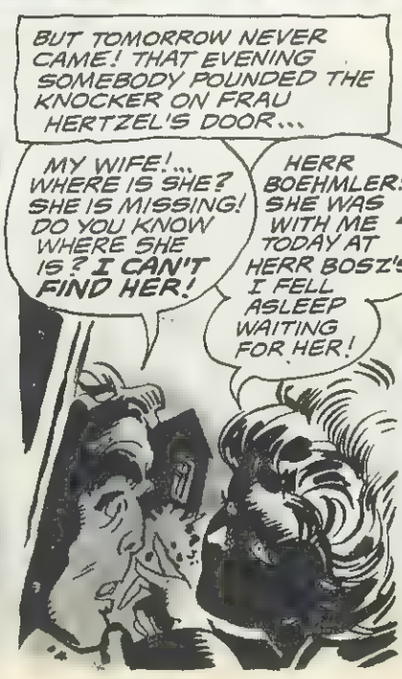
HILDA! WHERE ARE YOU? WHAT'S HAPPENING? HILDA! ANSWER ME!!

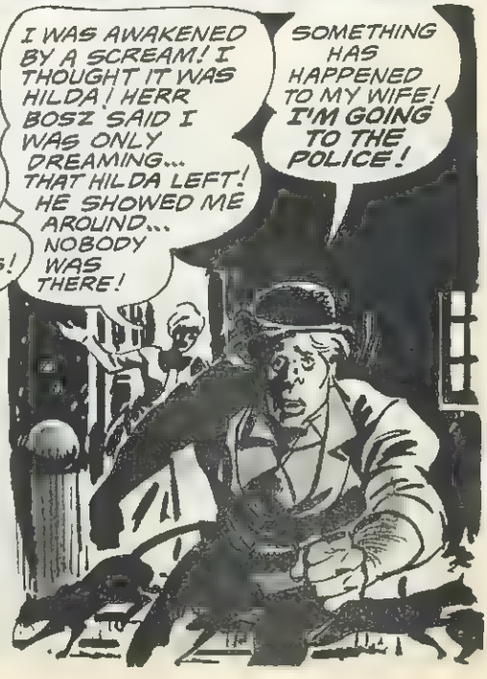

FRAU HERTZEL, WHY ARE YOU SCREAMING? WHAT'S WRONG?
HERR BOSZ! WHAT WAS THAT SCREAM? MY FRIEND, WHERE IS SHE?

SCREAM? I HEARD NO SCREAM, FRAU HERTZEL!... AS FOR YOUR FRIEND... FRAU BOEHMLER, WHY SHE LEFT ALMOST AN HOUR AGO!

BUT I TELL YOU I HEARD IT! IT WAS FRAU BOEHMLER! I KNOW IT WAS!
ACH! YOU ARE MISTAKEN, FRAU HERTZET! COME AND LOOK FOR YOURSELF! YOUR FRIEND COULD NOT FIND YOU AND LEFT! THEN I SAW YOU ASLEEP IN THE CHAIR! I DID NOT WISH TO DISTURB YOU! YOU MUST HAVE BEEN DREAMING!

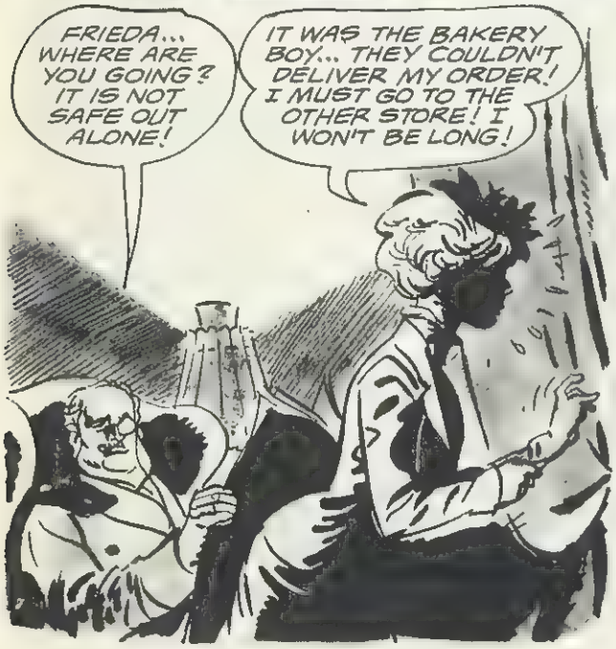
THEY LOOKED, BUT FOUND NOTHING! FRAU HERTZEL LEFT FOR HOME...
THERE IS SOMETHING STRANGE... TOMORROW I MUST GO TO HILDA'S HOUSE TO SEE IF SHE IS ALL RIGHT!


BUT TOMORROW NEVER CAME! THAT EVENING SOMEBODY POUNDED THE KNOCKER ON FRAU HERTZEL'S DOOR...
MY WIFE!... WHERE IS SHE? SHE IS MISSING! DO YOU KNOW WHERE SHE IS? I CAN'T FIND HER!
HERR BOEHMLER! SHE WAS WITH ME TODAY AT HERR BOSZ'S! I FELL ASLEEP WAITING FOR HER!

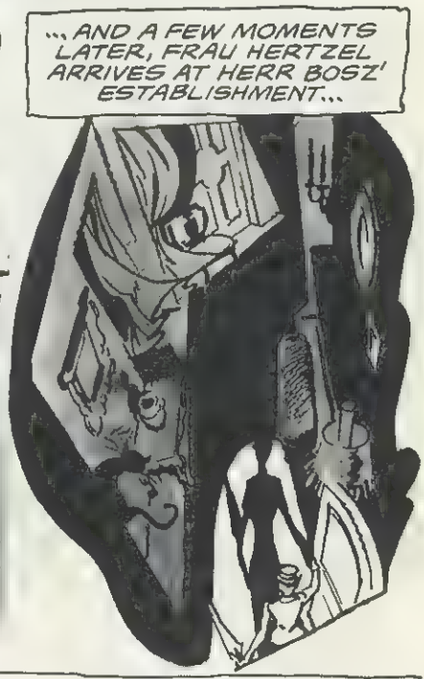

I WAS AWAKENED BY A SCREAM! I THOUGHT IT WAS HILDA! HERR BOSZ SAID I WAS ONLY DREAMING... THAT HILDA LEFT! HE SHOWED ME AROUND... NOBODY WAS THERE!
SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO MY WIFE! I'M GOING TO THE POLICE!

THOSE MISSING WOMEN... HILDA KNEW THREE OF THEM... AND THEY ALL WENT TO HERR BOSZ REDUCING SALON...

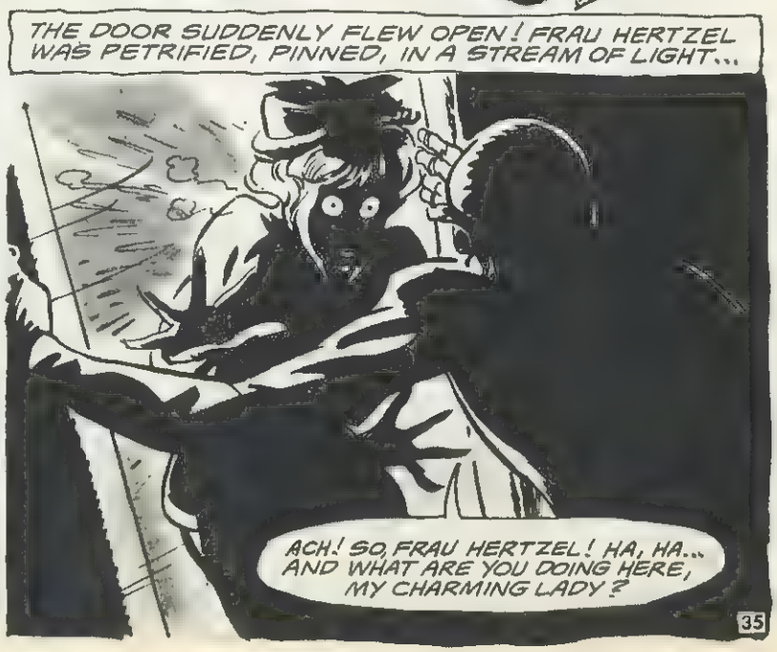
... I MUST GO BACK TO HERR BOSZ' ESTABLISHMENT... HE HAS DONE SOMETHING TO THOSE WOMEN... BUT I CAN'T LET KURT KNOW WHERE I'M GOING!
FRIEDA, WHO WAS AT THE DOOR?


FRIEDA... WHERE ARE YOU GOING? IT IS NOT SAFE OUT ALONE!
IT WAS THE BAKERY BOY... THEY COULDN'T DELIVER MY ORDER! I MUST GO TO THE OTHER STORE! I WON'T BE LONG!

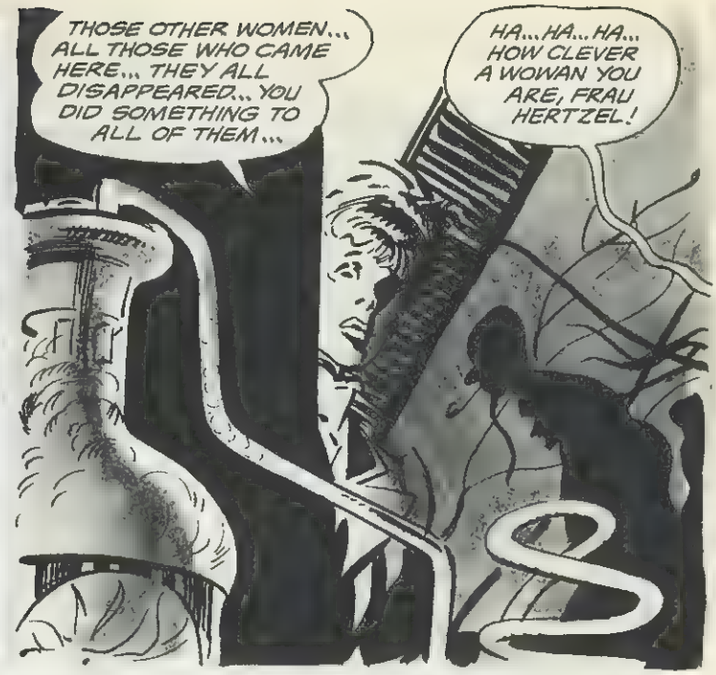
IT IS VERY STRANGE... TERRIBLE PERHAPS! THOSE WOMEN... ALL FAT... AND THOSE FIGURINES...


... AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER, FRAU HERTZEL ARRIVES AT HERR BOSZ' ESTABLISHMENT...

FRAU HERTZEL PROWLED AROUND SILENTLY INSIDE! FROM ROOM TO ROOM SHE WENT! ALL WERE IN ORDER... EXCEPT...
THIS ONE... LOCKED! HE MADE ME PASS IT BY TODAY... THERE'S A QUEER ODOR... SOMEONE IS INSIDE...


THE DOOR SUDDENLY FLEW OPEN! FRAU HERTZEL WAS PETRIFIED, PINNED, IN A STREAM OF LIGHT...
ACH! SO, FRAU HERTZEL! HA, HA... AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, MY CHARMING LADY?

MY FRIEND... FRAU BOEHMLER... SHE HAS DISAPPEARED... YOU DIDN'T LET HER GO TODAY... SHE'S STILL HERE... THAT WAS HER I HEARD SCREAM... I KNOW IT...


THOSE OTHER WOMEN... ALL THOSE WHO CAME HERE... THEY ALL DISAPPEARED... YOU DID SOMETHING TO ALL OF THEM...
HA...HA...HA... HOW CLEVER A WOMAN YOU ARE, FRAU HERTZEL!

HA...HA...HA...! AND HOW RIGHT YOU ARE! NONE OF THOSE WOMEN EVER DID LEAVE HERE! WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW WHY?

I WILL SHOW YOU WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM, FRAU HERTZEL! YOU SEE, I HAVE A HOBBY! A VERY SPECIAL HOBBY!

THE SIGN OUTSIDE MY DOOR... IT REFERS TO MY HOBBY, TOO! BUT NOBODY KNOWS IT! COME... I WILL SHOW YOU MY HOBBY!

THIS IS MY SECRET WORKROOM, FRAU HERTZEL... AND THERE IS YOUR FRIEND, FRAU BOEHMLER! IS THAT NOT A FINE JOB? NOW DO YOU UNDERSTAND MY HOBBY?

SCREAM ALL YOU LIKE, MEIN FRAU HERTZEL... NOBODY CAN HEAR YOU! AND NOW... BECAUSE YOU KNOW MY SECRET... I MUST DO WITH YOU AS I HAVE DONE WITH ALL THE OTHERS!

YOU ARE THE FIRST OF YOUR KIND TO UNDERGO MY TREATMENT, FRAU HERTZEL! ALL THE OTHERS HAVE BEEN FAT LADIES!

ALL THAT NIGHT A TRAIL OF SMOKE EMERGED FROM THE CHIMNEY OF HERR BOSZ ESTABLISHMENT! HERR BOSZ WAS WORKING ON HIS HOBBY!

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, A HORSE-DRAWN WAGON PULLED UP TO THE SIDE DOOR OF THE BOSZ REDUCING SALON! A LARGE CRATE WAS LIFTED INTO THE WAGON...

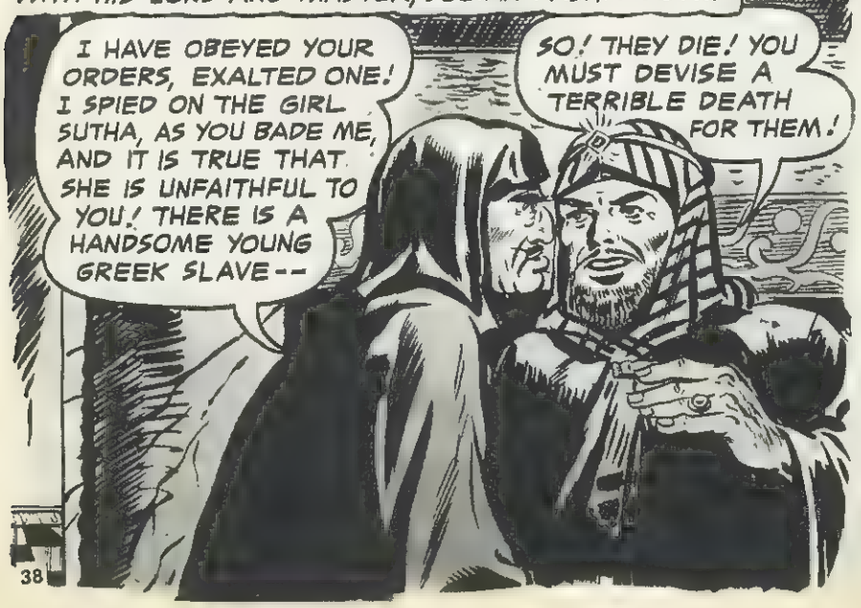
THE NEXT DAY, THE CRATE WAS OPENED IN A CHINA SHOP IN MUNICH...
IS THAT THE NEW SHIPMENT FROM BOSZ IN DRESDEN, ERIC?
JA, MEIN HERR! LOOK AT THIS ONE! ISN'T IT A BEAUTY?

AND LOOK AT THIS ONE! A THIN ONE... THE FIRST THIN ONE HE'S SENT!
ACH! STRANGE, BUT THIS ONE LOOKS JUST LIKE THE LADY WHO WAS IN HERE LOOKING FOR A THIN FIGURINE A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO!
End

SCALES of DEATH

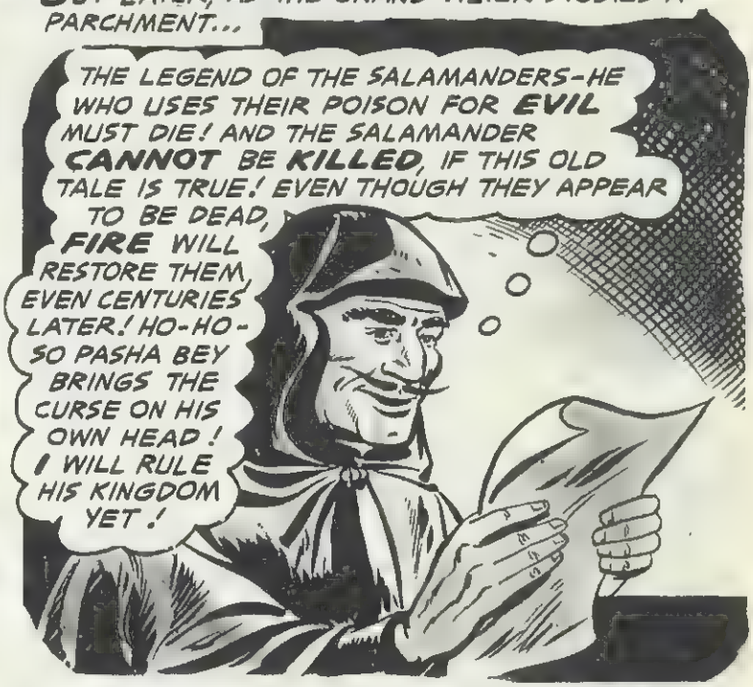
THIS GRIM TALE HAD ITS WEIRD BEGINNING BACK IN THE DARK AGES, WHEN MEN, AND WOMEN TOO, WERE EVEN MORE CRUEL THAN THEY ARE TODAY! NONE COULD MATCH THE GUILE OF THIS ORIENTAL PRINCE AND POTENTATE, OR EQUAL HIS FIENDISH SKILL IN ANCIENT AND EVIL TORTURES! BUT IN PUNISHING AN UNFAITHFUL SLAVE HE SET A TERRIBLE SEQUENCE OF EVENTS IN MOTION, ONE WHICH LEFT A BLOODY TRAIL OF TERROR DOWN THROUGH THE YEARS! IN THE COLD OPAQUE EYES, IN THE SCALY GLITTER OF ITS SNAKE LIKE BODY THERE WAS **DEATH!** FOR IT WAS THE JEWELED SALAMANDER..

CENTURIES AGO IN THE FANTASTIC LAND OF OLD ARABY, WHERE EVIL LURKED BEHIND THE WALLS OF EVERY JEWELED PALACE, A CERTAIN GRAND VIZIER KEEPS A SECRET APPOINTMENT WITH HIS LORD AND MASTER, SULTAN PASHA BET...



SO LATER, PRETENDING THAT HE KNOWS NOTHING OF HER UNFAITHFULNESS, PASHA BEY GIVES SUTHA THE DEADLY ORNAMENT...

BUT LATER, AS THE GRAND VIZIER STUDIES A PARCHMENT...



EVEN THEN, IN THE HAREM OF PASHA BEY! IT IS THE HOUR FOR RETIRING...

BUT THE DRUG HAS WORN OFF! WITH ONE FLICK OF ITS DEADLY TONGUE THE SALAMANDER STRIKES...

MEANTIME, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE PALACE, THE SULTAN PREPARES FOR SLEEP, GLOATING OVER THE FATE OF THE UNFAITHFUL SUTHA...

PERHAPS I WILL DREAM OF THE SALAMANDER BITING HER! I WOULD LIKE THAT! SHE WILL SWELL UP, SHE WILL TURN BLACK AND HER EYES WILL FALL OUT! HOW SHE WILL SUFFER! MAYBE IT WILL BITE THE LOVER ALSO! AND IN THE MORNING I WILL HANG THEIR CORPSES ON HOOKS OUTSIDE THE PALACE WALLS!

SUDDENLY, BENEATH THE PILLOW, HE FEELS SOMETHING COLD...

EYOWWWW! THE SALAMANDER! S-SHE PUT IT UNDER MY PILLOW! M-MY THROAT! GAAA!

THE SULTAN'S SCREAMS SUMMON HIS PALACE GUARDS AND THE GRAND VIZIER...

YIIIII-IT IS THE GREAT PASHA BEY HIMSELF! BUT SEE--HIS BODY SWELLS AND ROTS ALREADY! HIS EYES FALL OUT! W-WHA- HAS DONE THIS AWFUL THING?

A SALAMANDER, YOU FOOL! WHAT ELSE! SEND MEN AT ONCE TO ARREST THE GIRL SUTHA!

SO THE GRAND VIZIER, TAKING THE THRONE OF THE DEAD PASHA, SITS IN JUDGEMENT ON THE POOR GIRL...

YOU KNOW THE PUNISHMENT, GIRL! YOU WILL BE TORN APART BY WILD HORSES! SO BE IT! TAKE HER AWAY AND EXECUTE THE SENTENCE AT ONCE!

NO! NOT THAT! AHH! NOT THE HORSES!

AND THE TERRIBLE SENTENCE IS CARRIED OUT IMMEDIATELY...

POOR SUTHA! A HORRIBLE DEATH! BUT IF I DO NOT OBEY-B-BUT WHAT IS SHE TRYING TO SAY?

I WAS BETRAYED! THE VIZIER- AHHHH!

THE GRAND VIZIER, NOW SULTAN, WATCHES WITH A CRAFTY SMILE..

AN EVIL SIGHT, EXCELLENT ONE! SHE WAS A BEAUTIFUL GIRL!

THUS TO ALL TRAITORS!

I WILL NOT SLEEP WELL TO-NIGHT!

BUT I WILL-AT LAST! IT WAS A CRAFTY PLAN! I WAS SUTHA'S LOVER, I PUT THE SALAMANDER UNDER THE SULTAN'S PILLOW AFTER IT FAILED TO KILL HER! AND NOW SHE IS DEAD AND I AM SAFE-AND SULTAN AT LAST!

THE ANCIENT RECORDS SAY THAT THE VIZIER, IN HIS TURN, WAS PUT TO DEATH BY BOILING IN OIL, BUT NOW IT IS CENTURIES LATER, IN A CURIO SHOP IN ISTANBUL! HORACE MEEKS, A TOURIST, BUYS A GIFT FOR A NEW ACQUAINTANCE, ROSE LARUE..

WHAT YOU GONNA BUY ME, HORACE, HONEY? I WANT SOMETHING CLASSY, NO JUNK! ALL MY LIFE I BEEN WEARING JUNK!

DON'T WORRY, MY DEAR! I'M SURE WE WILL FIND SOMETHING, ER, SUITABLE!

HERE, EFFENDI, IS A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE PIECE! GOLD, REAL GOLD, AND WITH MANY PRECIOUS STONES! IT IS THE FAMOUS SALAMANDER OF THE EAST, YOU SEE! PERHAPS YOU HAVE HEARD THE LEGEND OF THE SALAMANDER, EH? OF COURSE WE DO NOT BELIEVE SUCH THINGS NOW, BUT--

HMMM-VERY BEAUTIFUL! INTERESTING, TOO! I'M SURE YOU WOULD LIKE THIS, ROSE! HOW MUCH IS IT, MY MAN?

THE NERVE, BUYING ME A PIECE OF JUNK LIKE THIS--BUT AT LEAST NOW I KNOW HE'S REALLY GOT DOUGH!

VERY EXPENSIVE, EFFENDI, AS YOU WILL UNDERSTAND! FIVE THOUSAND OF YOUR DOLLARS!

ALL RIGHT! HERE, I'LL HAVE TO GIVE YOU TRAVELER'S CHECKS!

LATER, BACK IN HER HOTEL ROOM, ROSE LARUE STUDIES THE SITUATION...

YOU AIN'T EXACTLY A DIAMOND RING OR A MINK COAT, LIZARD OR SALAMANDER, OR WHATEVER YOU ARE, BUT YOU'LL DO-**FOR NOW!** I GOT BIG PLANS-LIKE GETTING TO BE **MRS. HORACE MEEKS!** FOR A GIRL THAT GOT STRANDED IN ISTANBUL WITH A TWO BIT BURLESQUE SHOW I AIN'T DOING SO BAD! ONLY I WISH HORACE WOULD HURRY AND POP THE QUESTION!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

ROSE, DARLING, I MUST RETURN HOME AT ONCE! MY SISTER HAS HAD A STROKE! AND I WANT YOU TO COME WITH ME! AFTER I SEE CHARITY WE CAN BE MARRIED IN BOSTON! PLEASE SAY YOU'LL COME!

BUT HORACE-YOUR SISTER MIGHT NOT LIKE ME! I MEAN, MAYBE I AIN'T JUST HER TYPE!

I WAS AFRAID OF THIS!

BUT ROSE ALLOWS HERSELF TO BE TALKED INTO MAKING THE JOURNEY...

YOU MUSTN'T WORRY ABOUT CHARITY, MY DEAR! WHY, SHE'LL LOVE YOU!

OF COURSE, HORACE! IT'S JUST THAT, WELL, I **AM** A SHOW GAL, YOU KNOW!

WHAT THIS DIMWIT DON'T KNOW ABOUT DAMES IS A SHAME! THIS SISTER OF HIS IS ALMOST SIXTY AND A SPINSTER! STRICTLY BOSTON! SHE'LL **HATE** ME!

ROSE LARUE IS SO RIGHT! WHEN THEY REACH THE BOSTON HOME OF CHARITY MEEKS THERE IS AN INSTANT DECLARATION OF WAR...

YOU SAY YOUR NAME IS LARUE, DEAR GIRL? MMM- I DON'T **REMEMBER** A FAMILY BY THAT NAME! AND YOU'RE IN, ER, SHOW BUSINESS, I BELIEVE! THAT **IS** DISTRESSING, **MOST** DISTRESSING! I'M AFRAID, MISS LARUE, THAT YOUR MOTIVES ARE MOST TRANSPARENT! REALLY THEY ARE! AND MY BROTHER IS A MIDDLE AGED FOOL IF HE HASN'T TOLD YOU--

NOW JUST A MINUTE, YOU OLD BIDDY!

CHARITY, PLEASE!

KINDLY KEEP QUIET, HORACE! AS I WAS SAYING, MISS LARUE, I FEEL THAT HORACE HASN'T TOLD YOU THAT I CONTROL THE MONEY IN THIS FAMILY! ALL OF IT! NOW I DON'T, ER, BEGRUDGE YOU WHAT YOU MAY HAVE GOTTEN ALREADY, BUT IN THE FUTURE..

HAH! **THIS** IS WHAT I GOT! A PIECE OF JUNK! AND YOU CAN HAVE IT BACK AS OF NOW!

FOR ONCE HER TEMPER WINS OVER HER JUDGEMENT...

TAKE YOUR BLASTED LIZARD, OR SALAMANDER, OR WHATEVER IT IS! AND TAKE YOUR DODDERING OLD FOOL OF A BROTHER, TOO! WHO COULD LOVE AN OLD MUMMY LIKE HIM!

YOU SEE, HORACE, I WAS RIGHT! THIS IS WHAT COMES OF PICKING UP WITH STRANGERS! PLEASE SHOW HER THE DOOR!

NO, ROSE, DON'T! THAT COST ME THOUSANDS!

BUT AS THE ANGRY GIRL TURNS FOR A LAST FLING SHE SEES SOMETHING IN THE FIREPLACE! SOMETHING THAT BRINGS TERROR TO HER HEART AND A SCREAM TO HER LIPS...

YEAH, **GOODBYE!** AND IF I NEVER-OHH- THERE **BEHIND** YOU, THE FIREPLACE! THAT **THING!**

EEEEEE-

GREAT SCOTT, THE SALAMANDER!

C-COMING OUT OF THE FIRE! SO B-BIG! A MONSTER!

AHHHHH! IT'S ALIVE!

AS THE OTHERS STAND ROOTED BY TERROR...

IT'S TONGUE! AFTER ROSE! **RUN!**

I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE-- **EEEEEEE!**

AHHHHHHH! SWALLOWING ME!

SO THE LEGEND COMES TO LIFE! THE DRIED, ATROPHIED SALAMANDER, INSIDE THE GOLD SHELL OF THE LONG DEAD VIZIER, IMBIBES NEW LIFE FROM THE FLAMES! THE GOLD MELTS AND THE SALAMANDER, HUGE NOW, COMES RAVENING AFTER ITS PREY...

TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, SISTER! MAYBE IF IT EATS YOU TOO IT WILL SPARE ME!

AAAAAA!

SO IN THE END ALL THREE HAVE PROVEN THEMSELVES EVIL - AND HAVE TRIED TO USE THE SALAMANDER FOR EVIL! HOW THE SULTAN, PASHA BEY, MUST HAVE LAUGHED FROM HIS GRID IN HADES! **HE** COULD HAVE TOLD THEM..

I-I WAS PANIC STRICKEN, LOST MY WITS AND RAN UPSTAIRS! I SHOULD HAVE GOTTEN OUT OF THE HOUSE WHILE I COULD! B-BUT MAYBE ITS KILLED ENOUGH!

I'LL HIDE UNDER THE BED AND MAYBE IT WON'T SEE ME! **GAAA-** THAT TERRIBLE LONG TONGUE - IT PULLED ROSE AND CHARITY INTO ITS MOUTH AS IF THEY HAD BEEN FLIES! **YIIIII**- IT'S **OUTSIDE THE DOOR!**

THE TONGUE OF THE SALAMANDER, ROUGH, CRUEL, COVERED WITH A SLIMY SUBSTANCE, FLICKS INTO THE ROOM, UNDER THE BED! THERE IS A SCREECH OF DESPAIR AND TERROR - THEN ONLY SILENCE...

YAAAAA!

THE POLICE, WHEN THEY ARRIVE, ARE UTTERLY BAFFLED...

NO TRACE! AND NOBODY LEFT HERE, FAR AS WE KNOW! BEEN SOME KIND OF A FIGHT, THOUGH!

PEOPLE JUST DON'T VANISH INTO THIN AIR - OR DO THEY?

DARNDEST THING I EVER SAW! ALL THE NEIGHBORS REPORTED SCREAMS COMING FROM THIS HOUSE, BUT WHERE **ARE** THE PEOPLE?

SUDDENLY...

HEY, CHIEF, LOOK WHAT I FOUND RUNNING AROUND UPSTAIRS! SOME KIND OF LIZARD, I GUESS! WHAT YOU WANT ME TO DO WITH IT? HUH? THROW IT IN THE FIRE? OKAY, IN THE FIRE IT GOES!

The End

SLOWLY THE DREAD VEHICLE CREAKS TO A HALT. SLOWLY ITS TERRIBLE DRIVER LURCHES OUT. SLOWLY HE STALKS TOWARD YOUR HOME WITH HIS SPINE-CHILLING MERCHANDISE...

NIGHTMARE MERCHANT

PETER DOYLE AND HIS LOVELY, YOUNG WIFE, ANNE WERE DELIGHTED TO BUY THE GLOOMY OLD HOUSE ON A G.I. LOAN...

THE DOYLES SNAPPED UP THE FORMER OWNER'S OFFER. IT TOOK JUST A FEW HOURS TO PICK UP THEIR POSSESSIONS FROM THEIR OLD FURNISHED APARTMENT AND RETURN TO THEIR NEW HOME...

YOU'RE STILL HAPPY ABOUT THIS DEAL, AREN'T YOU? YOU'RE NOT SAYING MUCH. I SHOULD THINK YOU'D BE BUBBLING OVER WITH JOY.

Y-YES, DARLING, I'M HAPPY, I GUESS, B-BUT...

SOMETHING'S TROUBLING YOU, ANNE? WHAT IS IT? YOU DON'T HAVE TO KEEP ANYTHING FROM ME.

NOTHING SENSIBLE. IT'S... THIS HOUSE. I SEEM TO SENSE SOMETHING **EVIL** ABOUT IT. BUT IT'S JUST MY IMAGINATION, OF COURSE.

FRANKLY, THE PLACE **DOES** LOOK LIKE A TYPICAL HAUNTED HOUSE. LET'S FORGET SUCH NONSENSE, OR WE'LL NEVER BE HAPPY HERE.

PETER! DID YOU NOTICE ANYTHING **STRANGE** ABOUT MR. BLACK, THE FORMER OWNER? TELL ME THE TRUTH. DIDN'T YOU NOTICE SOMETHING PECULIAR?

HE'S ABOUT THE UGLIEST MAN I'VE EVER SEEN. AND I'VE SEEN PLENTY. BUT HE BEATS THEM ALL!

NO, PETER. THERE WAS SOMETHING **ELSE** ABOUT HIM. I CAN'T QUITE PIN IT DOWN... BUT THAT MAN **FRIGHTENS** ME... TERRIFIES EVERY INSTINCT IN ME. I KEEP TELLING MYSELF IT'S ALL MY IMAGINATION... BUT... I KNOW IT ISN'T...

PETER... DO YOU MIND HOLDING ME? I'M **AFRAID!** THIS HOUSE... THAT DREADFUL MAN! THEY GIVE ME THE SHAKES!

YOU'RE JUST A SCARED LITTLE KITTEN. DON'T BE FRIGHTENED. I'LL PROTECT YOU FROM THE DARK. SMILE, DARLING! LAUGH AWAY THOSE FOOLISH FEARS!

NEITHER WOULD CONFESS IT TO THE OTHER, BUT THEY WERE MORE THAN MERELY AFRAID... THEY WERE **TERRIFIED**... OF THIS CREAKING OLD HOUSE... AND THE UNPLEASANT MR. BLACK...

WHY DID I EVER LET PETER BUY THIS AWFUL PLACE? I MUST HAVE BEEN OUT OF MY MIND!

ANNE'S RIGHT! THERE **IS** SOMETHING ABOUT THIS PLACE THAT'S UNCANNY...

THEY SLEPT A FITFUL, TROUBLED SLEEP. BUT NEXT MORNING, IN THE BRIGHT REALITY OF DAYLIGHT, THEIR NIGHT-FEARS APPEARED FOOLISH IMAGININGS...

WHAT A COUPLE OF FRIGHTENED KIDS WE WERE LAST NIGHT! AND WE ACTUALLY CONSIDER OURSELVES ADULTS!

WE'RE OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW BETTER! BUT WE CAN LAUGH AT IT NOW. MAYBE WE'VE BEEN SEEING TOO MANY HORROR MOVIES!

FUNNY WHAT A DILAPIDATED OLD HOUSE CAN DO TO THE IMAGINATION OF TWO LEVEL-HEADED PEOPLE. YOU WON'T BE AFRAID TO REMAIN HERE DURING THE DAY, WILL YOU, ANNE?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR KITTEN, HONEY. I'M OVER THE SHAKES! I'LL BE SENSIBLE! I PROMISE!

SORRY THERE ISN'T TIME FOR ME TO SHARE BREAKFAST WITH YOU, OR I'LL BE LATE TO THE OFFICE! 'BYE, SWEETHEART!

'BYE! DON'T RUSH TOO FAST. REMEMBER YOUR HEART.

POOR PETER! HE HAS SUCH AN EXCITABLE NATURE. BUT HE'S BEEN WARNED THAT ANY UNUSUAL EXCITEMENT MAY PROVE FATAL TO HIS WEAK HEART...

ALONE IN THE AGED HOUSE, ANNE LOOKED ABOUT, SHUDDERED, THEN...

A GOOD DUSTING AND CLEANING WILL SHAKE SOME OF THE SCARINESS OUT OF YOU! WHEN I FINISH WITH YOU, YOU WON'T LOOK THE SAME. YOU'LL BE BRIGHT... CHEERY...

ARMED WITH BROOM, MOP AND CLEANING RAGS, ANNE ATTACKED THE HOUSE'S FILTH...

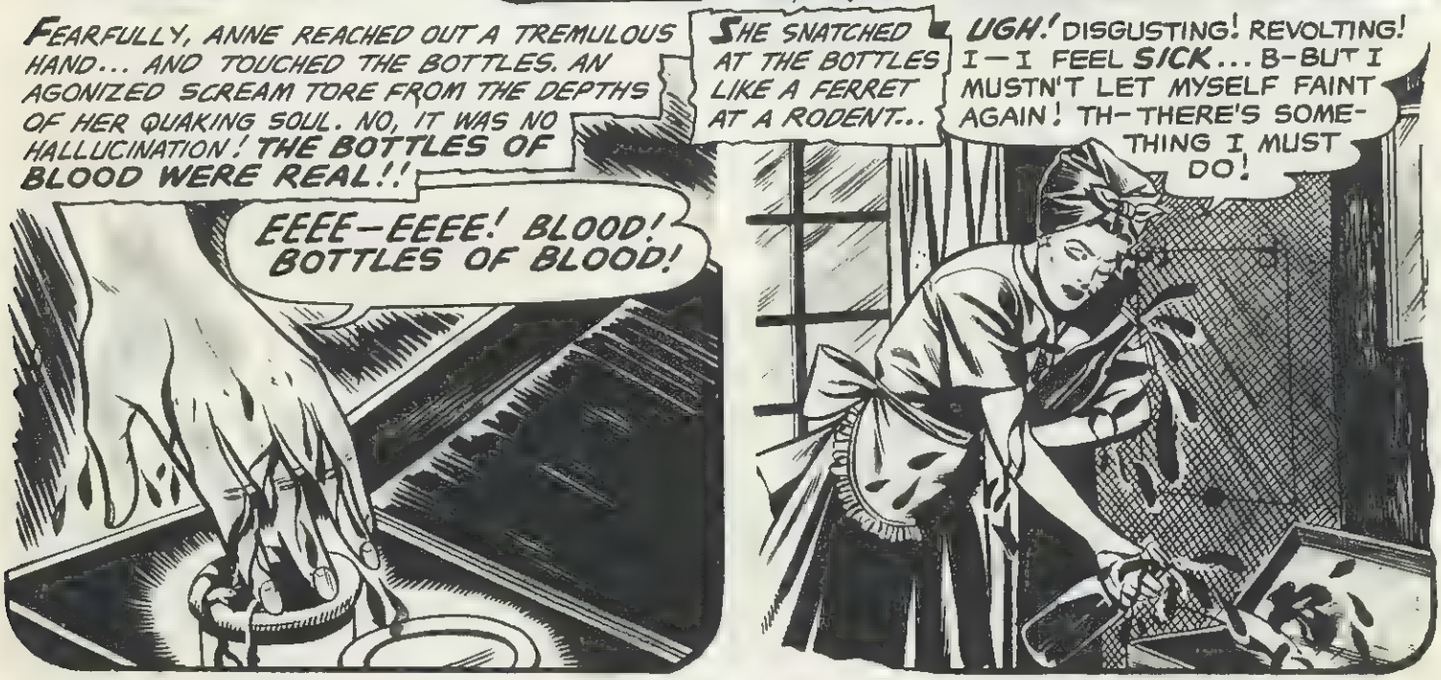
NEVER SAW A PLACE SO RELUCTANT TO PART WITH DIRT... BUT THERE ARE GOING TO BE SOME CHANGES MADE AROUND HERE!

MUSTN'T FORGET TO CLEAN OUT THE MILK DELIVERY COMPARTMENT...

AT FIRST SHE THOUGHT THEY WERE JUST ORDINARY MILK BOTTLES. THEN, SHE LOOKED CLOSER, AND...

AIIIEEEE!! BOTTLES OF FRESH BLOOD!!

ANNE FAINTED! LATER — AS SHE REVIVED...
IT COULDN'T BE TRUE! IT CAN'T BE TRUE! I... I MUST HAVE IMAGINED IT... LIKE THOSE FOOLISH FEARS OF LAST NIGHT... THINGS LIKE THIS J-JUST DON'T HAPPEN!
HALLUCINATIONS... SELF HYPNOSIS, A PSYCHIATRIST WOULD CALL IT. MUSTN'T LET MYSELF IMAGINE THINGS THIS WAY, OR IT WILL DRIVE ME CLEAR OUT OF MY MIND! I'VE GOT TO BE SENSIBLE! FACE REALITY! I-I'LL FORCE MYSELF TO LOOK AGAIN!
BUT WHEN SHE LOOKED AGAIN, THE HORRIBLE SIGHT PERSISTED...
N-N-N-N-NO!!

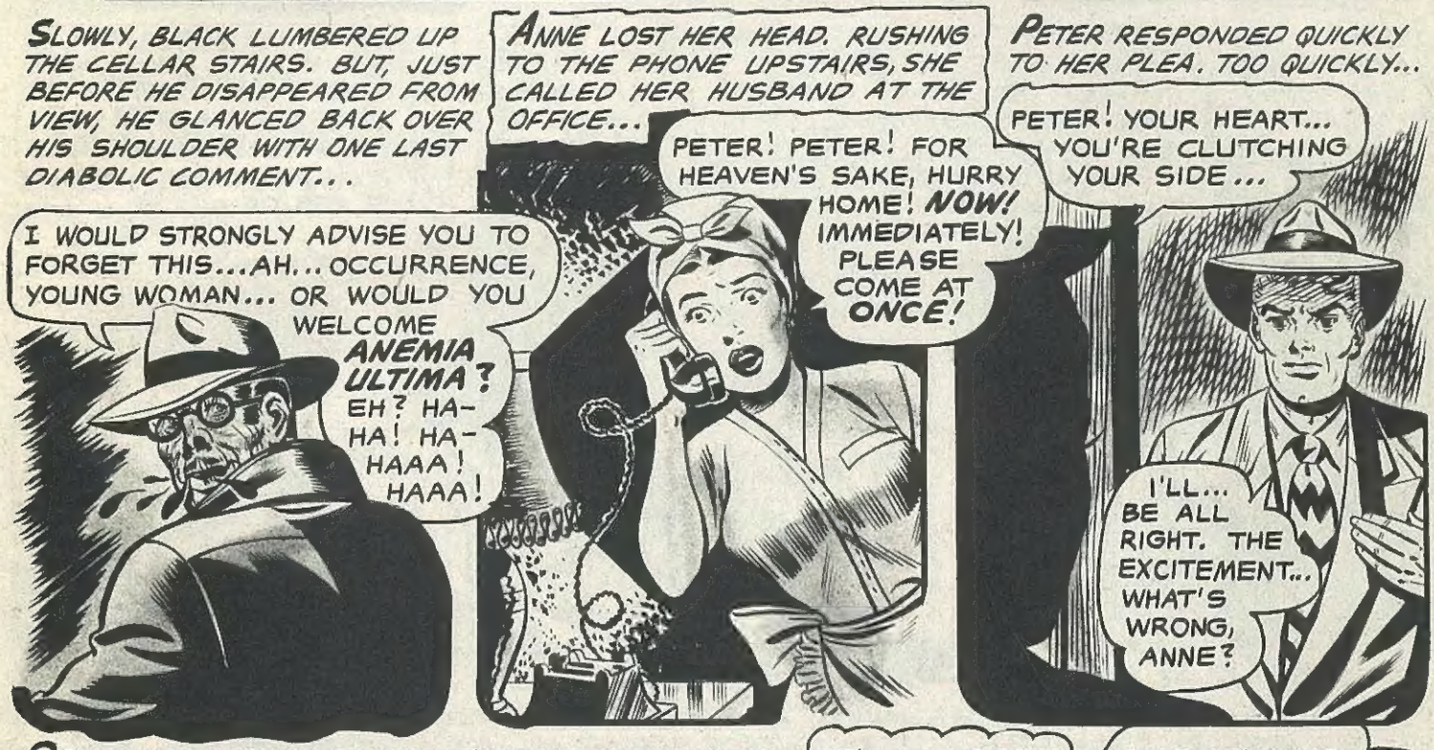

FEARFULLY, ANNE REACHED OUT A TREMULOUS HAND... AND TOUCHED THE BOTTLES. AN AGONIZED SCREAM TORE FROM THE DEPTHS OF HER QUAKING SOUL. NO, IT WAS NO HALLUCINATION! THE BOTTLES OF BLOOD WERE REAL!!
EEEE-EEEE! BLOOD! BOTTLES OF BLOOD!
SHE SNATCHED AT THE BOTTLES LIKE A FERRET AT A RODENT...
UGH! DISGUSTING! REVOLTING! I-I FEEL SICK... B-BUT I MUSTN'T LET MYSELF FAINT AGAIN! TH-THERE'S SOMETHING I MUST DO!

DOWN THE RICKETY CELLAR STAIRS CLATTERED HER HEELS LIKE A BERSERK WOODPECKER...
GOT TO HIDE "THEM"!! PUT THEM AWAY SOME PLACE WHERE THEY CAN'T BE SEEN!
PETER MUST NEVER KNOW! HIS WEAK HEART... HE COULDN'T STAND THE SHOCK OF THIS! I MUST NEVER TELL HIM... NEVER!!

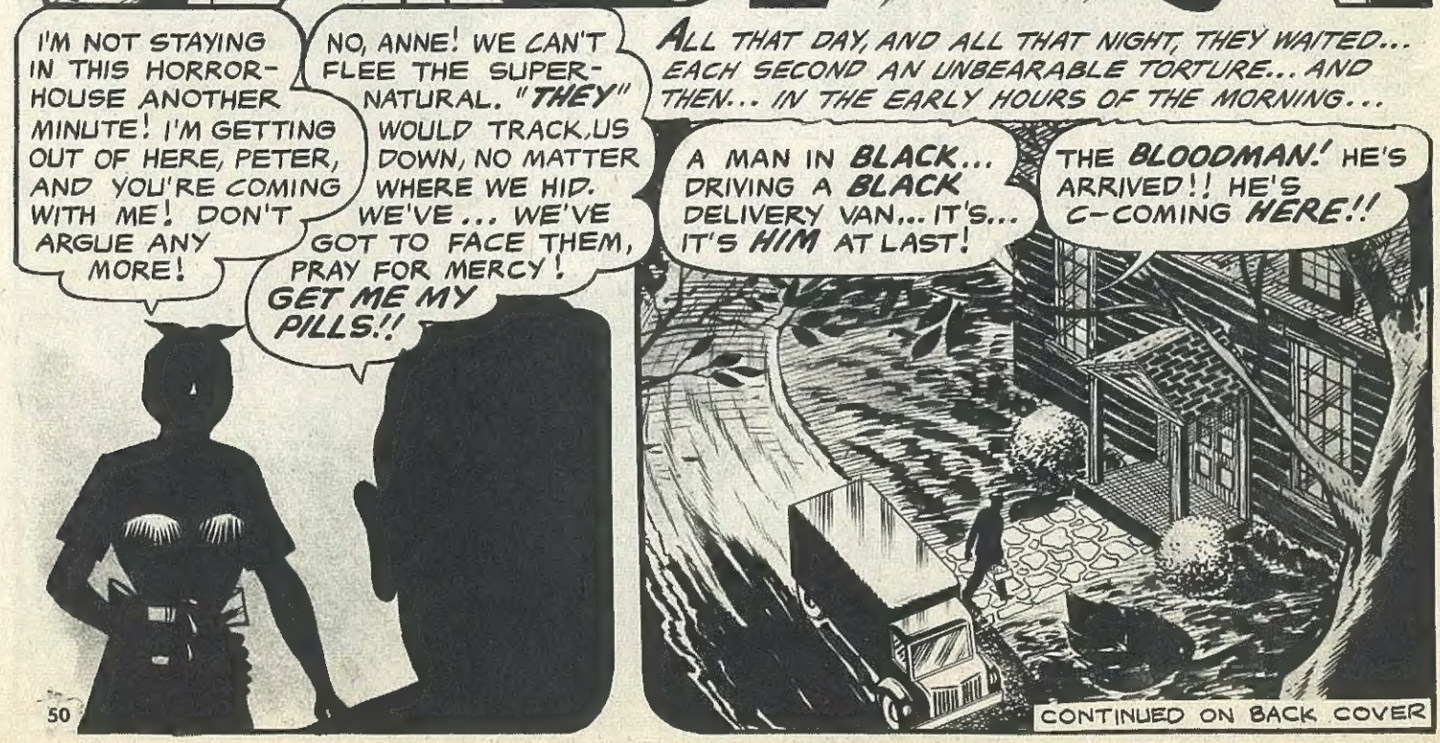
RACING BACK UPSTAIRS, ANNE COLLAPSED INTO A CHAIR, TREMBLING AND WEAK AND FRIGHTENED. HER HEART THUDDED. HER THOUGHTS WHIRLED AND SPUN LIKE A CRAZED PIN-WHEEL...
THEN THE DOORBELL RANG! IT RANG AGAIN AND AGAIN, WITH A MAD URGENCY...
COMING! COMING! WHOEVER IT IS, SEEMS EXCITED. WHO CAN IT BE?
WHAT DOES IT MEAN? DEAR ME! WH-WHAT... DOES... IT... MEAN? THERE MUST BE SOME SANE SOLUTION TO THIS GHASTLY PRANK!
MR. BLACK! WHAT DO YOU WANT? PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER RETURN WHEN MY HUSBAND IS HOME.
GIVE "THEM" TO ME! NOW! RIGHT NOW!
GIVE YOU "WHAT"? I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! GO AWAY, MR. BLACK! I'M... NOT... FEELING... WELL...
OH, YES, YOU DO KNOW! I WARN YOU, MRS. DOYLE! YOU'D BETTER GIVE ME THOSE BOTTLES, OR... WHATEVER HAPPENS TO YOU WILL BE STRICTLY YOUR FAULT!
ANNE'S FIRST HUNCH HAD BEEN RIGHT! MR. BLACK WAS A TERRIBLE INDIVIDUAL INDEED! SIGHTING THE INSANE RAGE FLICKERING IN HIS SUNKEN ORBS, ANNE RAN TOWARD THE CELLAR DOOR...
GIVE IT TO ME! GIVE ME THE BLOOD! I WANT THE BLOOD, MRS. DOYLE! I'VE GOT TO GET THAT BLOOD!
SHE SLAMMED THE DOOR SHUT IN HIS FACE... BUT HIS RACING FORM BATTERED IT OPEN. DOWN THE CELLAR STAIRS CLATTERED BLACK AFTER SHRIEKING ANNE...
BLOOD! BLOOD!! GIVE ME BLOOD!!! I'M THIRSTY!!!
HERE! TAKE YOUR BLOOD! TAKE IT... AND GO AWAY! LEAVE ME ALONE!!
BLOOD!!!

(GUK-KK)... (GURGLE)...
UGH!.. OH-HH... HE'S DRINKING IT-TTTTT... GULPING, SLURPING, LAPPING UP THE BLOOD...

WIPING A RED SMEAR FROM HIS LIPS WITH HIS JACKET SLEEVE, THE SATIATED VISITOR BURPED, THEN GAVE A PLEASED SIGH. ANNE NOTED HIS HAGGARD LOOK VANISHING, AND HIS COMPOSURE RETURNING...
(BELCH)... AH-HHHH! THAT WAS GOOD... VERY GOOD! MOST REFRESHING! GOOD STUFF! IT HIT THE SPOT!
GET OUT OF HERE! GET OUT! GET OUT!! GET OUT, OR I'LL SCREAM!


SLOWLY, BLACK LUMBERED UP THE CELLAR STAIRS. BUT, JUST BEFORE HE DISAPPEARED FROM VIEW, HE GLANCED BACK OVER HIS SHOULDER WITH ONE LAST DIABOLIC COMMENT...
I WOULD STRONGLY ADVISE YOU TO FORGET THIS...AH... OCCURRENCE, YOUNG WOMAN... OR WOULD YOU WELCOME ANEMIA ULTIMA? EH? HA-HA! HA-HAAA! HAAA!
ANNE LOST HER HEAD. RUSHING TO THE PHONE UPSTAIRS, SHE CALLED HER HUSBAND AT THE OFFICE...
PETER! PETER! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, HURRY HOME! NOW! IMMEDIATELY! PLEASE COME AT ONCE!
PETER RESPONDED QUICKLY TO HER PLEA. TOO QUICKLY...
PETER! YOUR HEART... YOU'RE CLUTCHING YOUR SIDE...
I'LL... BE ALL RIGHT. THE EXCITEMENT... WHAT'S WRONG, ANNE?

OBSERVING HER HUSBAND'S EXCITED EXPRESSION... HIS QUICK BREATH... HEAVING CHEST... ANNE HESITATED...
I CAN'T TELL HIM THE TRUTH! HIS HEART MAY NOT BE ABLE TO TAKE IT...
NOTHING, PETER. IT'S NOTHING. IT... WAS JUST AN ATTACK OF NERVES.
DON'T LIE TO ME, ANNE! SOMETHING TERRIBLY WRONG HAS HAPPENED! YOU'VE GOT TO TELL ME, ANNE!
HE'S SO UPSET... I'D BETTER TELL HIM THE TRUTH BEFORE HE SUFFERS A HEART-ATTACK... HE ALWAYS KNOWS WHEN I'M LYING.
SIT DOWN, PETER. I'LL TELL YOU. BUT FIRST YOU MUST PROMISE TO BE CALM...
STOP STALLING, WOMAN! TELL ME! HOW CAN I TRY TO BE CALM WHEN YOU KEEP SECRETS FROM ME? SPEAK UP!



CONTINUED ON BACK COVER

IMPORTED

LOCK BLADE STILETTO

9" Overall Length
5" When Closed

- Opens instantly
- Sharp and Tough
- Stainless Steel Blade

Flips open instantly and locks automatically to prevent accidental closing. Razor sharp tough stainless steel blade for reliable use and hard, long service. Money back in 5 days if not satisfied. Send $2.75 plus 25¢ to cover postage and handling

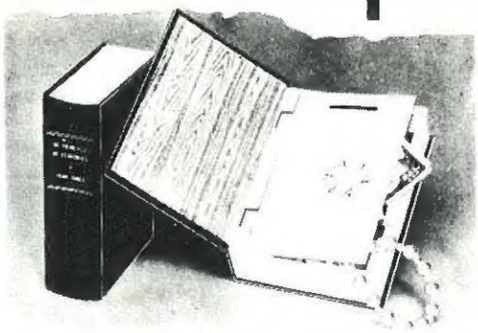
ONLY $2.75

ALLEY SPORTS MO Div.
Dept. 472ST87
35 Wilbur Street, Lynbrook, N. Y. 11563

SECRET BOOK SAFE

With Combination Lock Only You Can Open

ONLY $1.00



The Secret Book Safe looks just like any book so no one would think to look for valuables in it. But even chance discovery leaves your possessions safe — securely locked by a combination only YOU know — because YOU yourself have set it. Simple instructions show you how. Tough under structure is covered with simulated leather binding to look just like a real book. Just send $1.00 plus 35c postage and handling for each book safe you want. Money back if you are not satisfied.
HONOR HOUSE DEPT. 472BS87 **LYNBROOK, N.Y. 11563**

"POWER AUTOMATIC"
Pellet Firing Target Pistol

and SILENCER

FREE 50 Reusable 22 Cal. Pellets only $1.25

Rapid firing 22 cal. fully 9 inches long with the look and feel of an "undercover" automatic. Snap the "silencer" on or remove it for fast combat-type target practice. FREE 50 reusable 22 cal. pellets and supply of targets. Money back guarantee if not satisfied. Just send $1.25 plus 35c for postage and handling.
HONOR HOUSE PROD. **Dept.** 472PA87
Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563
Not sold in NYC

8 MM MOTION PICTURE PROJECTOR

Color or Black & White

ONLY $6.98 Complete

***FREE*: NEW THRILLING SENSATION**

Add 3-D Stereo effect with "Miracle Specs" which makes people look so full and real you can reach out and touch them. One pair comes with each projector. Additional pairs are **$2.98** each.

FEATURES:

- **Sturdy Construction**
- **Complete with Screen**
- **Projects color or black and white**
- **Speed Control for fast or slow motion**
- **Guaranteed**

HAVE ALL THE FUN OF PRIVATE MOVIES NOW AT THIS LOW PRICE

Precision engineered and compact. Completely portable in its own case. Needs no electric outlet since it is battery operated. So simple and safe to use even a child can operate it. Its double lens focusing is sure and easy for bright, clear pictures.

10 DAY FREE TRIAL—Money back guarantee on 10 day free trial. Don't delay—send $6.98 plus 75c for postage and handling or send $1.00 good will deposit and pay postman balance on delivery plus C.O.D. and postage charges. Add $2.98 for each pair of additional "Miracle Specs."

HONOR HOUSE PROD. CORP., DEPT. 472NP87
Lynbrook, New York 11563
N. Y. State Residents add applicable Sales Tax.

MONSTER

7 FEET TALL / IN AUTHENTIC COLORS

GLOW in the DARK EYES

ONLY $1.00

Imagine your friends shock when they see the **"MONSTER"** reaching out —sinister as the wildest nightmare. Bigger than life—Frankenstein—the man-made monster that terrorized the world. 7 feet tall, with eyes that glow eerily in the dark for a special thrilling chill. So lifelike in authentic colors, that you'll probably find yourself talking to him. Won't you be surprised if he answers!
There is also his perfect companion—**BONEY the SKELETON**—stark and scary—just a wonderful pair to set your hair on end.
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
Just send $1.00 plus 35c to cover postage and handling for each monster you want. ORDER TWO AND SAVE. (The same 35c for postage and handling applies to orders for TWO MONSTERS—a total of 2 for $2.35.) Your money back if not satisfactorily horrified.
HONOR HOUSE
DEPT. 472MR87
LYNBROOK, N. Y. 11563

SKIN HEAD WIG

Most people try to grow hair. This is just the opposite. Made of flesh toned latex to fit all heads, really changes your appearance. Just send $1.00 plus 15¢ for postage and handling.
HONOR HOUSE DEPT. 472SW87 **LYNBROOK, N.Y. 11563**

WALTHER

PPK 22 CAL. PELLET FIRING "STINGER AUTOMATIC"

only $1.25

50-22 Cal. Pellets Free.

Looks and Feels Like Full Size "James Bond" style German Automatic **5½ inches long — 4½ inches high.** Fires 22 cal. pellets just as fast as you can pull the trigger with realistic moving slide action. Great for fast action combat—type target practice. 50 reusable 22 cal. pellets free. Free supply of targets. Money back if not satisfied. Just send $1.25 plus 25c Not sold in NY City.
HONOR HOUSE
Dept. 472PK87 Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563

JACK POT BANK

ONLY $1.69

Fun Bank For The Family

Make saving fun with this coin operated Jack Pot Bank. It works just like a one armed bandit in Las Vegas. Deposit the coin, pull the handle, and watch the reels spin like the real thing. Fun for all and you can't lose because the coins are returnable. Not to be used for gambling purposes. Just enclose $1.69 plus 26c for postage and handling. If not thoroughly satisfied, return in ten days for refund of full purchase price.
HONOR HOUSE PROD. CORP. **Dept.** 472JB87
LYNBROOK, NEW YORK 11563

22 CAL. PELLET FIRING "STINGER AUTOMATIC"

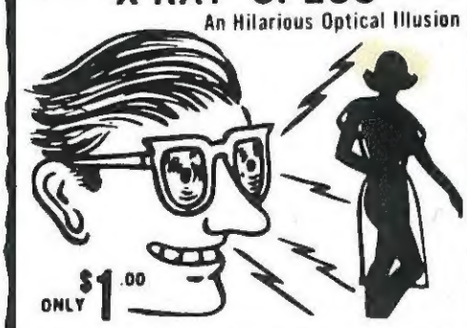
1.00

50 22 CAL. PELLETS FREE
Looks and Feels Like Real Pocket Automatic — Loads 15 Shots

Fires 22 cal. pellets just as fast as you can pull the trigger. Great for fast action combat-type target practice. 50 re-usable 22 cal. pellets free. Free supply of targets. Money back if not satisfied. Just send $1.00 plus 25¢ for postage and handling to **Honor House Dept.** 472RA87
Lynbrook, N. Y. 11563 Not sold in NY City.

X-RAY SPECS

An Hilarious Optical Illusion



ONLY $1.00

Scientific optical principle really works. Imagine — you put on the "X-Ray" Specs and hold your hand in front of you. You seem to be able to look right through the flesh and see the bones underneath. Look at your friend. Is that really his body you "see" under his clothes? Loads of laughs and fun at parties. Send only $1 plus 25¢ shipping charges Money Back Guarantee

HONOR HOUSE PRODUCTS CORP
Lynbrook, N. Y. Dept. 472XR87

UP TO THE WALK HE LURCHED WITH A PERMANENT LEER, HIS STEPS AS MEASURED, AND INEVITABLE, AS DEATH ITSELF!

LET... ME... IN! I'VE... COME... TO... COLLECT...
GO AWAY! WE HAVE NO MONEY! LEAVE US ALONE! WE WON'T TELL ANYONE ABOUT YOU! JUST GO AWAY! PLEASE!!

MONEY? — I... DON'T... COLLECT... MONEY! I... COLLECT... BODIES!!
IT'S THIS HORRIBLE HOUSE... IT'S CURSED — AND WE'RE CURSED WITH IT! DOOMED...
CRASH
HUSH... MAYBE THERE'S STILL A CHANCE...

THE BLOODMAN IS A GHOUL!
WHY DO YOU INSIST ON FORCE? YOU KNOW THERE'S NO ESCAPE!
VAMPIRES PAY HIM FOR BLOOD BY GIVING HIM THE BODIES OF VICTIMS! V-VICTIMS —L-LIKE... US!!

TWO... BODIES! — PAID... IN... FULL!!
THE COLD MOON WAS WITNESS... BUT THE HOUSE WAS EMPTY AGAIN... SOON ANOTHER "FOR RENT" SIGN WOULD GO UP AND MORE TENANTS WOULD COME ALONG... NO, THEY WOULDN'T HAVE TO FACE THE BLOOD MAN, BUT WHEN THE MOON CAME FULL AND TOLD ITS GRIM STORY TO THE NIGHT WIND, WOULD THE HORROR RETURN? FOR TO BE SURE... HERE IS A HOUSE THAT IS TRULY HAUNTED!
THE END